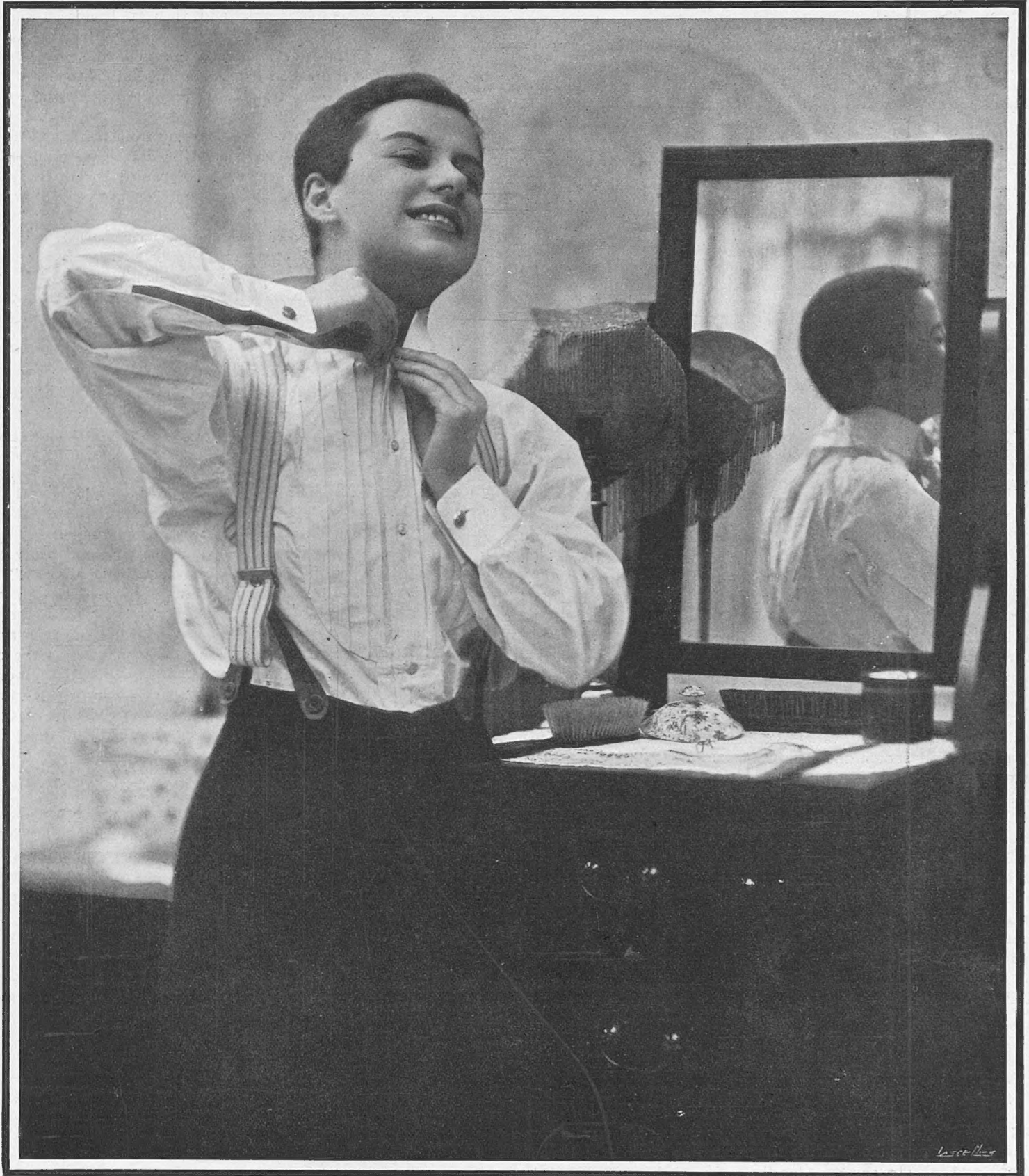


The Sketch

No. 1189.—Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



FINDING THE COLLAR-STUD JUST AS TROUBLESOME AS DOES A MAN! MISS BEATRICE LILLIE DRESSING AS LORD LIONEL LYONESSE, FOR "NOW'S THE TIME!" AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Miss Beatrice Lillie is to be congratulated upon playing the man as to the manner born, and there is no detail of the "business" of a "nice boy" such as Lord Lyonesse which she does not carry out with masculine accuracy, just tintured with feminine charm. For a girl to play a boy's part in revue—that is, the rôle of a boy-hero—is a new thing, and who knows if he, or she, may not become the vogue

in musical comedy as well as in pantomime and revue, now that Miss Beatrice Lillie has made a distinct success in the "Musical Time-Piece, in Two Hours and Ten Chimes," at the Alhambra. It is amusing to see a suggestion in our photograph that the cleverest woman, confronted with the collar problem, shares the fate of the proverbial brave man struggling with adversity.—[Photograph by Wrath and Buys.]



Are You a
"P. W."?

I never thought very much, if I may say so, of Mr. Asquith's "Wait and See" phrase. I doubt whether Mr. Asquith himself thought much of it, or expected it to be repeated and quoted until it threatens to be bound up with his reputation for all time. It was not new, or illuminating, or amusing. It was just obvious, to tell the truth, and that, I suppose, is why it appealed to so many minds.

At any rate, he redeemed that phrase with a new one that must have delighted the House of Commons last week on the occasion of the Great Speech. His casual reference to "professional whimperers" is a boon to us all. It will end so many discussions. For the future, you will merely say to your pessimistic friend, "Are you a P. W.?" and the conversation will at once turn to music and gardening.

If that fails, I think the "P. W.'s" should have a badge and be made to wear it. There will be room for it, too, on their clothing, for everybody will shortly be wearing a badge of some sort except the "P. W.'s." The best cure for pessimism, if they would only believe it, is to get actively to work on the side of the Allies, and not to stand aloof and shout rude remarks about those who are doing their utmost to help on the final victory. Allow me, therefore, friend the reader, to ask you, very politely—

"Are you a P. W.?"

Ragging the
Censor.

For the moment, the Press Censor is being left in peace. Weightier matters are to the fore. But that is no reason why the censors of the Censor should escape criticism. The best time to make yourself heard is when the shouting has died down.

The Censor was tremendously teased because he apparently failed to recognise a line from Kipling, and followed that up by failing to recognise a line from Browning. I must confess that all this teasing seemed to me not only unfair, which is all in the day's work, but tedious and silly, which is a nuisance. In the first place, why in the world should the Censor be expected to have all the poets at his fingers' ends? Is there any man in Fleet Street who has all the poets at his fingers' ends? Let him come forward, and I will guarantee to concoct a descriptive message, containing a famous line from a famous poet, in such a way that he will never recognise it.

In the second place, what have war-messages to do with quotations from the poets? Who wants these gentlemen to air their knowledge of the poets? We want plain tales of brave deeds, ungarnished stories of gallant efforts and splendid victories—not Sixth Form essays shoved together at Calais.

W. G. Steevens set the model, once and for all. What would the Censor not give for another Steevens!

Two Little
Stories.

Mr. Archibald Hurd, in his interesting and exhaustive account of a visit to the Grand Fleet—everybody, by the way, seems to be visiting the Grand Fleet, or the Trenches, or both—made rather a sad hash of the classic story of the American who envied the lawns at Oxford, and asked a gardener for the recipe. Old stories should be repeated now and then for the benefit of the rising generation. The gardener replied—

"Well, Sir, there's not much in it. You weeds it for a 'undred years, and then you mows it for a 'undred years, and then you

rolls it for a 'undred years, and then it begins to look like a bit o' turf."

That is a very old story. This is a new one and a true one. Its value lies in the expression it gives to the national spirit. All the "P. W.'s" should read it, and then forward it to their German friends.

An old lady of seventy-three, learning from the War Office that her son had been mortally wounded in France, determined to go over and see him. Another son accompanied her to the point of embarkation. As he was seeing her off he observed, by way of a joke—

"You must be careful of the submarines, mother." To which the old lady promptly retorted: "To hell with the submarines! They won't stop me from seeing my Charlie!"

How can you beat a nation like that? And what would you do with it if you did?

"Try Your
Luck."

I could not find space last week to deal with a letter in a daily paper from a gentleman who believes that the public are as safe from Zeppelin bombs in a crowded building as they would be in an open space. It is an interesting theory.

"The crowding together of people," he maintains, "does not alter the risk; does not make it either less or more. If bombs should strike places where people are crowded together the mortality is greatly increased, but the places where people might be, but are not, are correspondingly increased, and the chances of any bombs striking places where people are is correspondingly lessened."

Then he goes into figures, which always frighten me off. I was never convinced by figures yet, and I never expect to be. But this I will ask: is it easier to hit a covey of partridges or a single partridge? The answer is that the sportsman aims at the covey, but the Zeppelin does not aim at the public building. I am content to leave it at that, friend the reader. Argue it out by the fireside, and then try a few experiments with marbles and nine-pins. You might make a discovery of vast importance. If you do, pray let me know.

A Daily
Miracle.

I met a young person the other day who looked extremely depressed. Surprised, I asked the reason. She confessed, at last, that she could not knit a pair of socks. The trouble, it seemed, as with Achilles, lay in the heel. "You have to turn it," she explained, "and I simply can't do it."

"If you will come with me," I said, "I will show you a blind woman knitting socks for the soldiers. In point of fact, I will show you several blind women knitting socks for soldiers. Since the beginning of the war, these blind women—just a few of them—have knitted three thousand pairs of socks to send abroad."

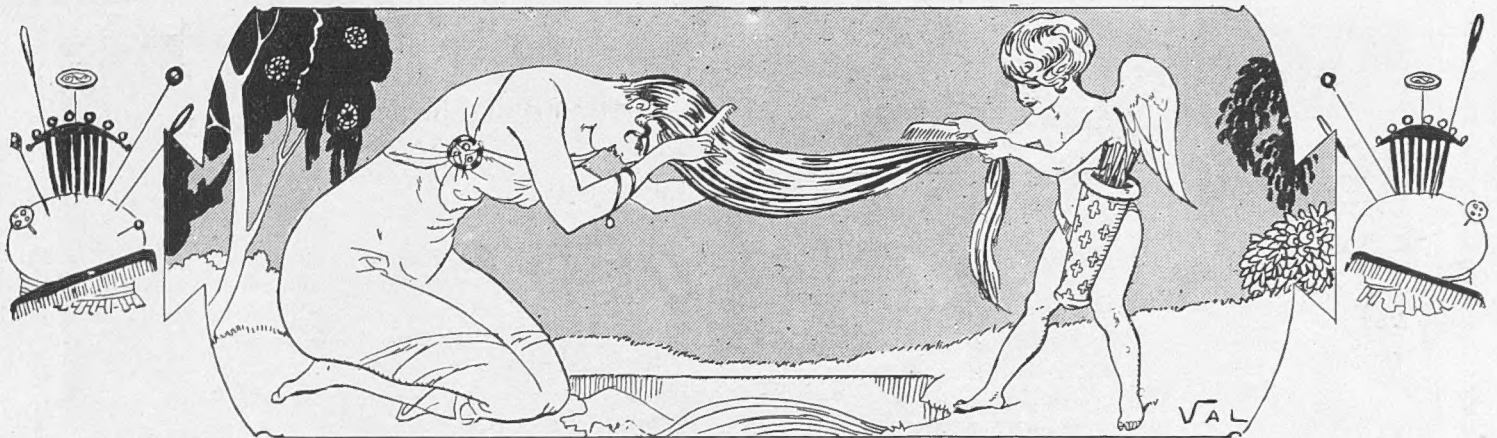
"But do they spend all their time at it?"

"Good gracious, no! They are poor women! They have to live! They knit the socks for nothing, but they can also make dress materials, fancy covers, aprons, mats, towels—all sorts of things. What is more, the things they make are cheap and good. Come and see for yourself."

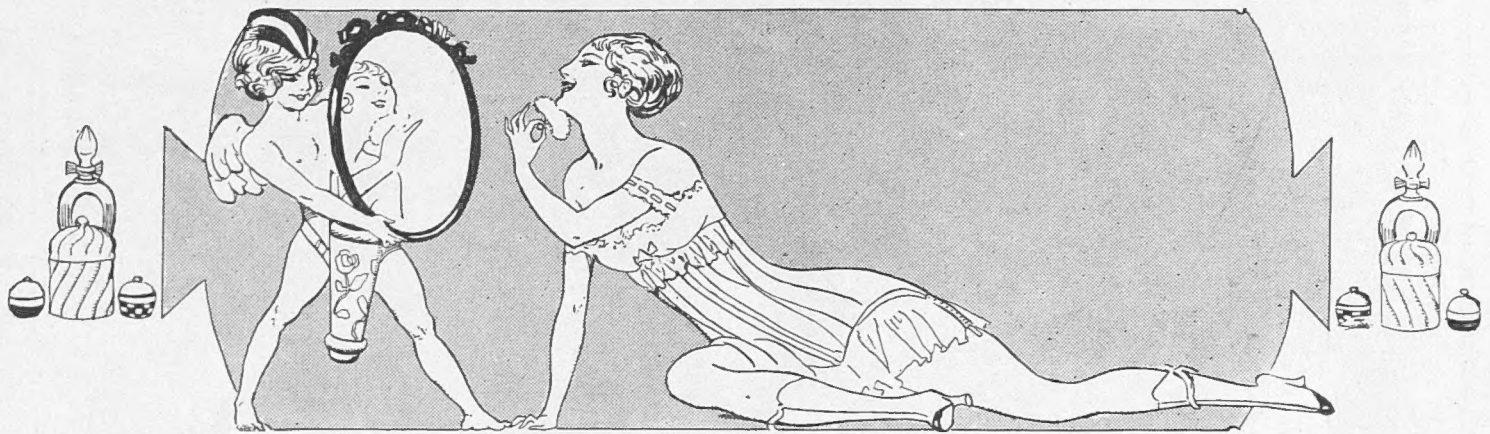
So I escorted her to Edgware Road, and there she saw wonders which rather altered her outlook on life. If you don't believe me, go to Edgware Road and see this daily miracle for yourself. Take a little money with you, for sweet charity's sake. It is difficult to earn a living when you are blind, however nimble your fingers.

The number? Oh, 233.

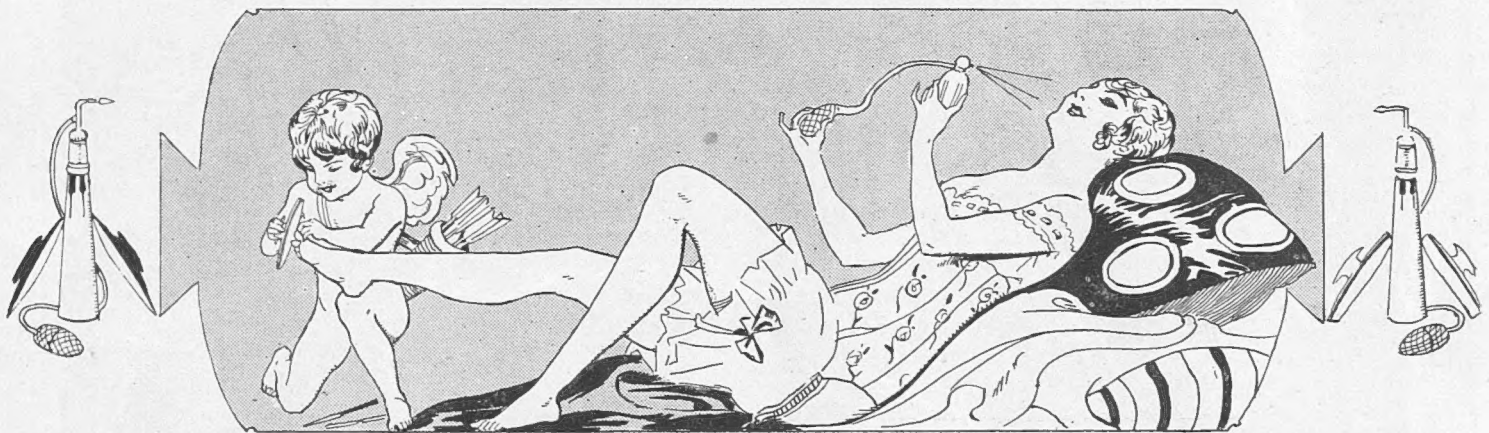
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE ARMS OF VENUS.



MARS LAYS ASIDE HIS LANCE AT TIMES; BUT VENUS WILL NEVER GIVE UP HER PINS.



MARS WILL CEASE TO TALK OF POWDER. VENUS WILL ALWAYS USE IT.



THE BAYONET AND THE GAS-PROJECTOR ARE EMPLOYED BUT FOR A WHILE. NOT SO THE KNIFE OF THE MANICURIST, AND THE SCENT-SPRAY.



VENUS WILL ROUGE HER LIPS WHEN THE RED OF THE BATTLEFIELD IS FORGOTTEN.

ALL ESPECIALLY INTERESTING: THREE MILITARY MARRIAGES.



THE BRIDE CUTTING THE WEDDING-CAKE WITH HER HUSBAND'S SWORD: THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN VIVIAN LOCKETT, THE FAMOUS POLO-PLAYER, AND MISS VIOLET COLMAN.



THE FIRST WEDDING AT ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL FOR 60 YEARS: LIEUTENANT HALLOWS AND MISS MARY M. SMITH.

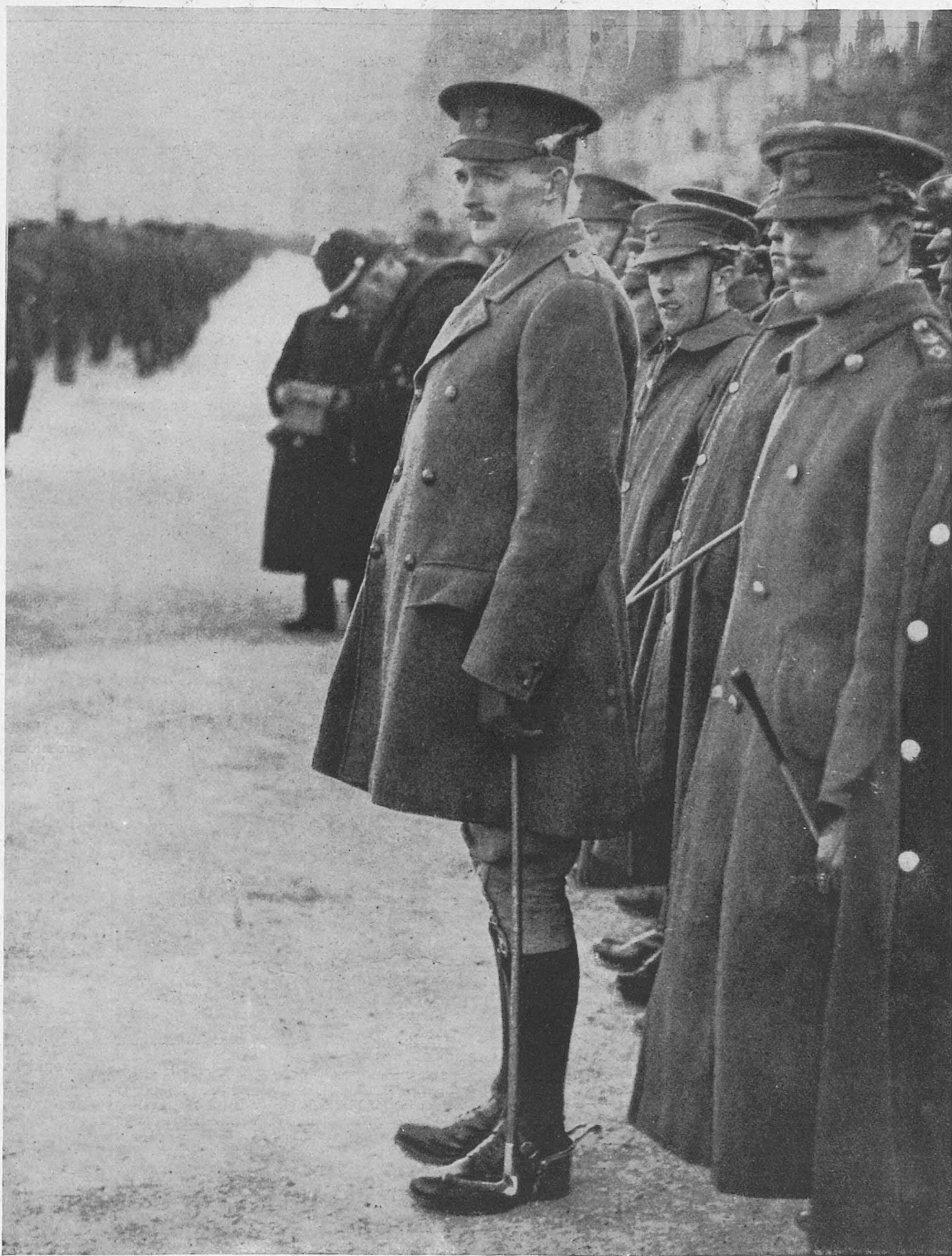


A MILITARY WEDDING: THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN W. M. L. ESCOMBE, D.S.O., AND MISS EILEEN M. LOVE.

In the case of each of the weddings illustrated above there were some points of special interest. In the scene of the bride cutting the wedding-cake the bridegroom was Captain Vivian Lockett, the famous polo-player, of America Cup and other renown. The bride was Miss Violet Colman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colman, of Crown Point, Norwich. The wedding took place on Nov. 1, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly.—Our second photograph shows Lieutenant Hallows, R.A.M.C., and his bride, Miss Mary Mallett Smith, leaving the Royal Chapel of St. Catherine's, Regent's

Park, after their wedding. It was the first celebrated there for sixty years, Queen Alexandra having graciously given her permission. Miss Smith, now Mrs. Hallows, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. de Berniere Smith, of Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.—Our third photograph is of Captain W. M. L. Escombe, D.S.O., 20th London Regiment, and his bride, who was Miss Eileen M. Love, youngest daughter of Dr. W. Love, of Hoddesdon, Herts. The wedding took place on Nov. 2, at St. Margaret's Church, Lee.

NOT A LIEUT.-COL. AFTER ALL! CAPTAIN LLOYD GEORGE.



With the Beek in his Cap: The Minister of Munitions' Elder Son.

NOT PROMOTED—AS DAME RUMOUR SAID! CAPTAIN RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE.

It was recently stated by a correspondent of a well-known provincial paper that Captain Richard Lloyd George had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of a Battalion of the Welsh Regiment. Next it was stated that, in the House of Commons, the Under-Secretary of War would be asked by Mr. Sherwell whether it was a fact that Captain Lloyd George had been made a Lieutenant-Colonel, and if so, whether he would state that officer's age and experience, and whether the appoint-

ment was due to the lack of competent officers of greater military experience. Captain Lloyd George is in his twenty-sixth year. He enlisted a year ago in the Portmadoc Battalion of the Carnarvonshire Territorials, for active service. Later he obtained a commission, and last August became Captain and Adjutant of the 19th Welsh Regiment. He is a civil engineer and was in the service of the Port of London Authority. The report of his promotion is denied and called "an absolute lie."

Photograph by L.N.A.



THE CLUBMAN

PROGRESSING SATISFACTORILY: CLUBLAND AND THE WAR: TILL "THE BOYS COME HOME."

The King's Mishap.

The King is an excellent horseman, as all his subjects know, for we have all seen him either taking his morning ride in the Park or, on his favourite charger Delhi, reviewing his troops. But when a horse rears and falls on its rider, as the King's charger did, the firmer the rider's seat is, the more chance there is of the mishap being serious: a rider with a loose grip may fall clear. The King had not good fortune, and the macadamised roads of Flanders and the North of France are hard things to fall on. Every man, woman, and child in Great Britain is delighted that his Majesty is making such a good recovery, and the next time the public see him—not on a horse, or on a horse—they will cheer him to the echo.

It Was Not Delhi.

I wonder, out of pure curiosity, whether the charger on which the King was mounted was one of his own horses or one lent him for the period of his stay in France. It was not Delhi, the King's favourite charger, for the offender was a mare. Delhi and the King's other chargers must by now be quite used to cheering crowds; but an ordinary charger, in the course of his education, has no experience of cheers or of hand-clapping. A "made" charger pays no attention to the rumble of artillery coming up behind him, which frightens an ordinary horse terribly, and gun-fire and rifle-fire have no effect on his nerves. A sentry may present arms under his nose without disturbing him, and he cares naught for the flapping of the signallers' flags.

A Charger's Education.

If a charger is to face the rattle of hand-clapping or the roar of cheering, his education has to be more elaborate than that of less distinguished war-horses. We have all seen chargers that have negotiated the jumps at Olympia with perfect confidence take alarm at the applause of the spectators. One of my friends, who is always a prize-winner at Olympia, and who has the good fortune to possess a riding-school on his property in the country, told me that he put the finishing touches to all his hacks and chargers by asking the village band and the village school-children to see the animals put through their paces, and instructed both band and children to make as much noise as possible. A charger in the early stages of his education learns to look on the big drum and rifle-fire as pleasant incidents of his life, for a squad fires blank cartridges and the drum-and-fife band constantly makes a joyful noise outside his stable at feeding times.

The Emptiness of the Clubs.

Some of the pessimists have been turning their attention to Clubland, and prophesying the downfall of some of the older clubs as one of the results of the war. The pessimists in this case, I think, have deceived themselves. Most of the younger members of all the

clubs are to-day in khaki or in blue, and are defending their country on the sea, on the East Coast, in Flanders, or in Gallipoli. Their absence causes the club-rooms to appear empty; and the members who are at home are, very many of them, employed on Government work of one kind or another, and have very little time for lounging in a club. Naturally, the receipts from the dining-room and from the sale of wines and spirits have fallen off very seriously in all clubs, and every committee has had to consider how this short age must be met and what steps must be taken if the war lasts for another year or two years.

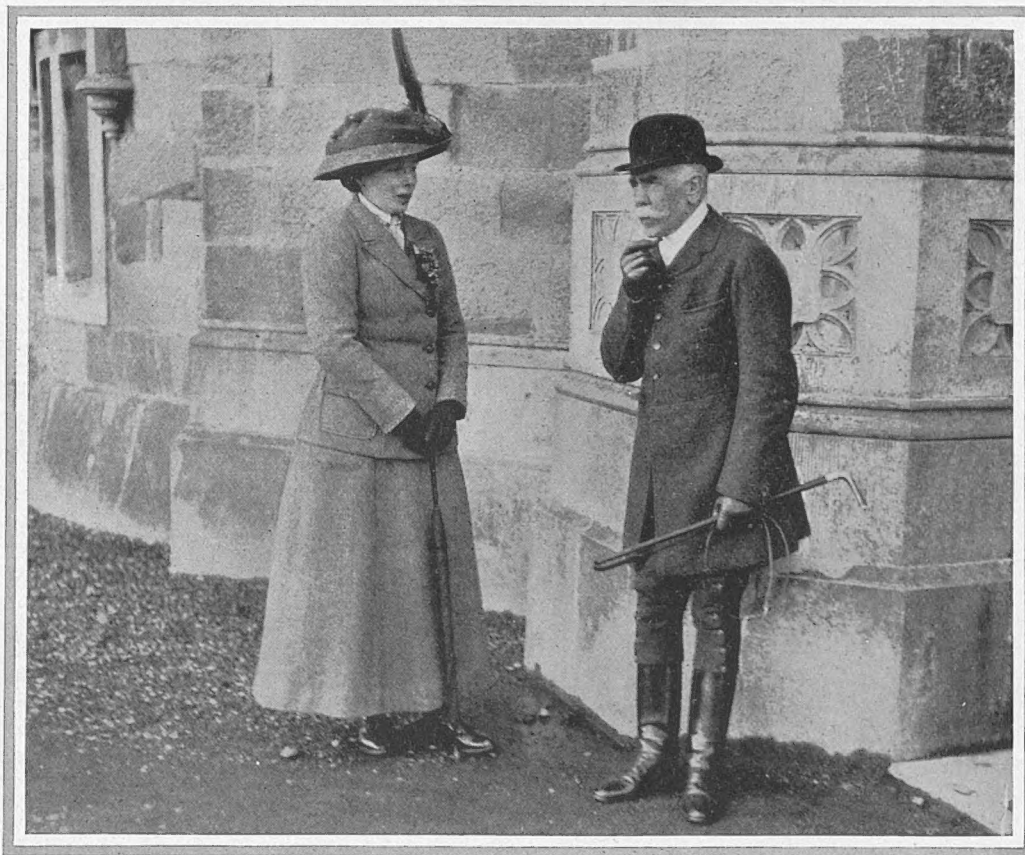
The Waiting Lists.

I doubt whether the waiting lists at any of the best-known clubs have shrunk to any appreciable extent, but very many of the men coming up just now for election ask, when the rules of the club permit it, that their names may be set back somewhat on the list,

so that they may be elected when the war is over. It is not every man who, in war-time, having sacrificed possibly some lucrative appointment in order to wear khaki, has lying idle at the bank the thirty or forty or fifty pounds that he must pay as an entrance-fee on his election. Fathers, however, whose sons have just obtained commissions in the Regular Army take steps to have them put down on the books of the Service club they most admire, knowing that it will be eight or ten or twelve years before they come up for election. If the principal Service clubs recognised temporary commissions, which they do not do, their waiting lists would have swollen to a tremendous extent.

Possible Club Economies.

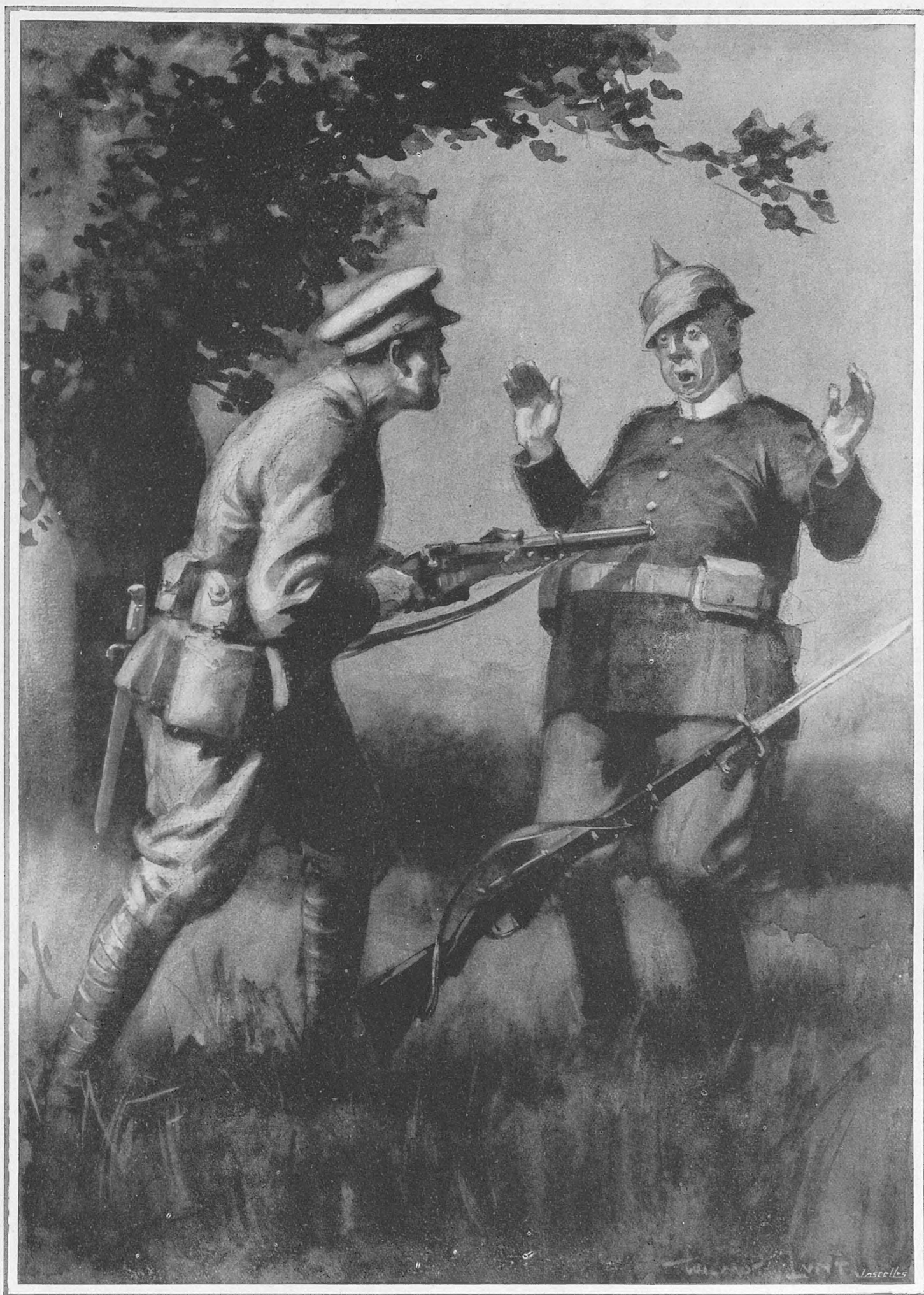
I should not be surprised to hear, now that the winter is almost upon us, of the practice of some economies in clubs most of whose members are away at the war. To keep fires burning and electric-light blazing in rooms used only by one or two members seems wasteful, and it may well be that clubs having both big and small coffee-rooms and smoking-rooms and drawing-rooms may elect to close some of their larger rooms until "the boys come home." But between practising rigorous economy in war-time and winding up the affairs of a club there is a very great difference indeed, and I am sure that all our big, old-established clubs will weather the storm like three-deckers running under close-reefed canvas. In the Clubland of the fairer sex there is no talk of closing of clubs—on the contrary, a new ladies' military club has sprung into existence. It is called by a Service title, and it occupies the house that used to be known as the Washington Hotel, next door to the Christian Scientist Church, in Curzon Street. I lunched there the other day as a guest, and was permitted to express to my hostess my approval of the club cookery.



TALKING TO LADY DUNSANY, AT A MEET OF THE MEATH: LORD LANGFORD, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS META MITCHELL-CARRUTHERS IS ANNOUNCED.

Lord Langford, who, as we note above, is here seen talking to Lady Dunsany, has just become engaged to Miss Margaret A. Mitchell-Carruthers, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers, of Little Munden, Ware, Herts. His Lordship, who was born on June 1, 1848, was formerly in the Grenadier Guards; and has been State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Comptroller of his Household. In 1889, he married Georgina Mary (died 1901), daughter of Sir Richard Sutton, fourth Baronet. He has two sons living; and a daughter. The eldest son, the Hon. John Rowley, was born in December, 1894. It may be added that Lady Dunsany, whose marriage took place in 1904, is the youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey.—[Photograph by Poole.]

GOOD SHOT!



TOMMY (*his rifle at the enemy's seat of affection*): Hands up; or I'll blow your brains out!

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



A WEEK or two ago, Princess Mary stood sponsor to a baby Joan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hope-Morley. Now Lady Linlithgow has given the same name to her infant daughter. The Joans are increasing by leaps and bounds. When-

ever the opportunity occurs our officers in France obey the impulse of paying the tribute of flowers to the statues of the Maid of Orleans and war mothers at home seem much inclined to pay their tributes at the font. Unlike some more pretentious favourites, it is a name that can never suddenly grow dowdy.

Prince Henry in Town.

Prince Henry came to town from Eton to be with the Prince of Wales during his leave of absence from the front. The brothers spent the week-end together, with Dr. Lyttelton's blessing. But what of it if a Prince, at the bidding of a Queen or King, stays longer from his studies than he had arranged with the Head? We cannot

imagine that talk of visiting the sins of the father on the child would follow. Dr. Lyttelton, at any rate, reserves his severest castigations for the nation: to the boys he is quite kind.

Knees-Up!

No sooner did the Prince of Wales board the boat that brought him back to England than a cheer was raised by the soldiers who packed the lower decks. "We couldn't help cheering him," one told me, as if he was uncertain of the propriety of having done so; "we cheered him when he came on board, and we cheered him every now and then on the way over." That seems to have been the cheeriest episode of my informant's seven days of leave. After fourteen months in France, "where you know everybody," he is lost in a darkened town, plastered with no-treating orders, and full of recruits in raw, unseasoned khaki. His first day on the pavement was made miserable by the thought that he would put his foot through a shop-window. "I'm used to pulling my feet out of the mud," he explained, with a twinkle, "and here I can't keep my feet low enough."

Edward's Insight.

Lord Redesdale, always a staunch believer in Edward VII., feels that this is the moment above all others to assert the reasonableness of his admiration. He presses the point home in his new Memoirs. Whereas, of old, it was allowable to regard the ill-feeling that existed between the late King and the Kaiser as a matter of personal or petty prejudice, we may now approve it from the patriotic standpoint. So, too, with the Edwardian distrust of Ferdinand. To Lord Redesdale's record we can add one

comment peculiarly acceptable at the present time. "There goes one of the most ambitious men in Europe," said his Majesty to a well-known Austrian diplomat as they sat together over their matutinal glass of water at one of the German spas, "and dangerously clever."

Old and New.

Sir James de Houghton, for whom a recent casualty list made very hard reading, gave all his three sons to the Regular Army, and is himself an old soldier who in times of peace has contented himself with winning the medals of the Royal Humane Society. One of his rescues is recorded on the Society's books as the bravest act of its year. His son's marriage with Patience, daughter of Sir James Hollins, marked an interesting alliance between Houghton Tower (which has been in the family since the reign of King Stephen) with the cotton-mills of the locality, Sir James Hollins being the head of a great spinning industry.

From Trench to Toyland.

The Queen, accompanied by Lady Airlie, quite enjoyed her private view of the toys at Prince's Skating Rink. The "Men of the Moment" in wood are capitally done, and some of the less sophisticated objects are even more amusing. The disabled soldier or sailor is a better man for the job than the self-conscious art-worker, who makes desperate efforts to be quaint when he, or she, turns her hand to a doll or a Noah's Ark. The soldier, on the other hand, catches the true nursery mood to a nicety. He may lack an arm and dexterity, but his heart is in the right place.

Carrying On.

Lady Ripon, always willing to lend a hand, has been particularly busy in the matter of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Toys. Lady Bathurst, too, has been a buyer; and Lady Guildford, Lady Marjorie Cochrane, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, and Lady Markham have all been experimenting in the experimental wares offered for sale at Prince's. The anxiety of the great world to put life into new enterprises is only less admirable than the reluctance with which the old claims are disavowed. Take, for instance, the O.D.F.L., with the auxiliary Stray Cats' Shelter. There, if you like, is a good work that might well have appealed in vain for special attention; but, for all

that, Lord Lonsdale, the Countess of Londesborough, the Countess Fitzwilliam, and the Marquess of Ripon remembered to send their several contributions, in the shape of parcels of game, to Victoria Street for the sale over which Gertrude Lady Decies presided.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GERALD L. SCHLESINGER: MISS DORRIT VAN DEN BERGH.

Miss Dorrit Van den Bergh is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van den Bergh, of 9, Kensington Palace Gardens, and Broadwater Court, Tunbridge Wells. Capt. Gerald L. Schlesinger is in the 8th Somerset Light Infantry.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS GEORGE DAPHNE FITZGEORGE: MR. GEORGE FOSTER EARLE.

Mr. George Foster Earle is the son of Mr. J. Hudson Earle, of Cottingham, Yorkshire. Miss Daphne FitzGeorge is the second daughter of the late Colonel FitzGeorge, 20th Hussars, and granddaughter of H.R.H. the late Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (NOV. 10) TO MISS ALICE M. EYRE: CAPTAIN VISCOUNT CAMPDEN.

Miss Alice Mary Eyre is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, of 1, Belgrave Place, and the U.S.A. Viscount Campden is a Captain in the 5th Gloucestershire Regiment, and is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough. He was born in 1884, and was an Hon. Attaché at Washington, U.S.A., 1913-14.

Photograph by Yevonde.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN L. A. STRANGE: MISS MARJORIE BEATH. Miss Marjorie Beath is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beath, of Manor House, Marylebone. Captain L. A. Strange is in the Royal Flying Corps, and the Dorsetshire Regiment.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COMMANDER JOHN CLAUD COLE-HAMILTON, R.N.: MISS EVELYN WOLSTON.

Miss Evelyn Wolston is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Christopher Wolston, of Connaught Street, Hyde Park. Lieutenant-Commander Cole-Hamilton, R.N., is the fourth son of the late Rev. A. H. Cole-Hamilton, Rector of Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



TO MARRY COLONEL ST. CLAIR OSWALD: MISS BETTY OSBORNE. Miss Betty Osborne is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. Colonel St. Clair Oswald is commanding 2/1 Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR: SUFFERERS THROUGH THE WAR.



The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Walrond, her Sons, and Sister.

THE DEATH OF THE HON. LIONEL WALROND: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND, HER SONS,
AND HER SISTER, THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO.

The Hon. Lionel Walrond, husband of the lady standing on the left of our picture, was the seventh Member of the House of Commons to lose his life in the service of his country. During last winter, he served in the Army Service Corps, in which he held a commission, as interpreter, and, during the bitter weather in the trenches, contracted laryngitis and was invalided home. With characteristic courage, he went out again as soon as he was convalescent, but was invalided home again in August, and his illness developed into pulmonary tuberculosis, which has ended fatally.

Mr. Walrond, who was Member for the Tiverton Division of Devonshire, married, in 1904, Miss Charlotte Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Coats, Forest of Glen Tana, Aboyne, and 11, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and sister of the Marchioness of Douro, who is the lady on the right of our photograph. Of the two sons of the late Mr. Walrond—William George Hood Walrond, and John Humphrey Walrond—the elder, born in 1905, now becomes heir to the Barony of Waleran, Lord Waleran being the father of the late Hon. Lionel Walrond.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LADY TREE and Lady Diana Manners, both back from a flying visit to Belvoir, were at His Majesty's when Sir Herbert made his good-byes. Sir Herbert is quite sincere when he puckers his monumental brows at the thought of playing before a camera in Los Angeles or some other distant City of the Film; he will miss his very loyal audience of daughters and friends. The

Rutlands cannot follow him westwards, and Felicity is going to marry!

The Brocaded Brigade.

The Duchess, Lady Diana, and Lady Tree were together at the crêche sale conducted by Lady Alexander at the Ritz. The Tree-Manners alliance regards various other interesting groups with, to say the least, benevolent neutrality, and the Alexanders may almost be counted as allies. Lady Cunard, too, has



THE MARRIAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN M.P.: MISS JOYCE E. HOLMAN—LANCE-CORPORAL H. B. LEES SMITH, M.P.

The marriage of Miss Holman to Mr. Hastings Bertrand Lees Smith, M.A., M.P. for Northampton, took place on Friday last week. Mr. Lees Smith is a son of the late Major H. Lees Smith, R.A., and is himself an authority on Indian Economics and Trade Unionism. He is a keen golfer, and a few weeks ago he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, as a private. Miss Holman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Holman, of Highgate.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry.]

the freedom of this new Society of Friends. Was it she who brought from Venice the brocades that are just now making Lady Diana look like the fairest of Titians?

"B. T. B." Lord Frederick Blackwood, who has been adding new scars to those he collected in South Africa, is a younger brother of Lord Basil. Lord Basil, an Oxford contemporary of Belloc's, did all the drawings for Hilaire's "Book of Beasts for Bad Children," "More Beasts for Worse Children," and the other nonsense rhymes—sometimes sensible enough—composed by the war-expert in less agitated days. "B. T. B." was all the signature put to the drawings, and did not always give the clue to the draughtsman's identity, for his first name is really Ian. Lately, Lord Basil has been half-inclined to revive the use of those gallant-sounding syllables. Nowadays, of course, Belloc's only illustrators are the map-makers.

A Lost Address. Mr. A. M. Bertie, recently wounded, belongs to the second batch of Lord Abingdon's offspring. Lord Abingdon first married a Towneley of Towneley—to which family, by the way, Lady Munro belongs—and his daughters by that alliance are

Lady Edmund Talbot and Lady Alice Reyntiens, a lady whose address before the war was 27, Boulevard Bischoffsheim, Brussels, her husband having been A.D.C. to the King of the Belgians.

The Bertie Girls.

Mr. Bertie and his sisters belonging to the second group are very much younger than their step-sisters. They all afford a very interesting example of a family extraordinarily long in

the making. The Bertie girls of Brackley—the wounded soldier's sisters proper—are extremely popular round and about their father's estate, but marriage is removing them one by one to other scenes. Lady Gwendeline, who married a Churchill, sat to Winston for her portrait in the summer.

Gordonisms not Inherited.

An engagement is announced between Mr. Henry Blunt, of the Gordon Highlanders, and Miss Caroline Young. Mr. Blunt's mother was a niece of General Gordon of Khartum, the least marrying of all British soldiers. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has written of him: "He seems never to have been in love, or to have indulged even for a moment in any dream of the earthly happiness to be found in domestic joys. These he regarded as not intended for him, and he was as far from the thought of marriage as though he had renounced the possibility of it by vow." Young Mr. Blunt lives at Springfield Park, Horsham, a few miles from Newbuildings Place, where Mr. W. S. Blunt keeps some of his Arab steeds and all his Oriental manuscripts.

Short Commons at Hawarden.

Mrs. Asquith's recollections of Gladstone are not nearly so flat as the quotations make them: the sprightly things seem to have escaped the journalists. There is, for instance, the record of Herbert's displeasure about the breakfast bacon. He seemed to conclude that Mrs. Asquith's presence made the supply inadequate. Margot reproduces the early-morning scene, and the ill-temper that belongs to that chilly hour, to perfection. But does Lord Gladstone, the gentleman in question, remember it?



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. S. CARSON, R.N.: MISS V. T. RICHARDSON.

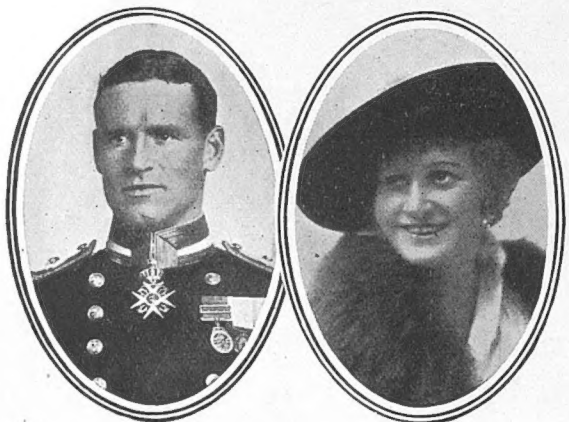
Miss Richardson is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taswell Richardson, of Chastleton House, Oxfordshire. Lieutenant Carson, of H.M.S. "Thames," is the younger son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, P.C., M.P., K.C.

"Star-and-Garter Ways."

What were "the Star-and-Garter Ways" of Margot Asquith and the other Tennants? The description was applied by Mary Drew during Margot's stay with the Gladstones, but beyond saying that she thinks it "very racy for Mary," Mrs. Asquith makes no comment and gives no explanation. The humour of the remark is decidedly more remote than that of one of Margot's own mots. Her allusion to "a jeunesse orageuse spent in the vicinity of Peebles" appeals even to one who has never visited that sombre scene. The gaiety of that resort has been immortalised by the familiar aspiration of the Scot in London: "Peebles for pleasure!"

Dodo in Real Life.

Mrs. Asquith was always said, truly or otherwise, to be the original of Benson's heroine in "Dodo." It was a book full of supposedly smart sayings, and Dodo herself, who went one better than any of the other characters, bore a strong likeness to the "P. M.'s" clever lady. But for the real Mrs. Asquith one must go to the book she wrote herself and printed for private distribution among her friends.



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: MISS ELSA ANDVORD—COMMANDER E. R. G. R. EVANS.

Miss Elsa Andvord, of Christiania, is to be married to Commander Edward Radcliffe Garth Russell Evans, R.N., C.B., of H.M.S. "Viking," who joined the British Antarctic Expedition, as second in command, October 1909; Commander, 1912; returned in command of the Expedition after the death of Captain Scott, 1913. Commander Evans holds the King Edward VII. and King George V. medals for Antarctic Exploration, is an Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Commander of the Order of St. Olaf of Norway.—[Photographs by Russell and Sons.]

A FELICITOUS ENGAGEMENT : CORY - WRIGHT - TREE.



CAPTAIN GEOFFREY CORY-WRIGHT ; MISS FELICITY TREE ; MRS. ALAN PARSONS (MISS VIOLA TREE) ; LADY TREE.



CAPTAIN GEOFFREY CORY-WRIGHT.

MISS FELICITY TREE.

To-day (Nov. 10) the marriage of the second daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree is to take place, and the bride-elect has received countless felicitations from her friends—and the friends of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree and their daughters are as the sands of the sea. Miss Felicity Tree is to marry the eldest son of Sir Arthur Cory-Wright and Lady Cory-Wright, of Berkhamstead Hill, Herts. Sir

Arthur is the second Baronet, and Captain Cory-Wright, 3rd Battalion the Buffs, is his eldest son, and is in his twenty-fourth year. Miss Felicity Tree is the sister of Mrs. Alan Parsons, Lady Tree's eldest daughter, Viola, who was married to Mr. Alan Parsons, son of the Rev. F. W. Parsons, Vicar of Tandridge and Rural Dean of Godstone, in July 1912.—[Photographs by Bassano.]



SIR JOHN AND LADY NIXON.

MOST of Sir John's work has been in India. South Africa, where he led a cavalry division with great distinction, was an interlude—a welcome enough interlude in the dusty business of soldiering under the sun of Southern India. Educated at Wellington, he first served in the King's Own Borderers and the Bengal Lancers. One Staff appointment after another kept him in the East, and though, as we say, campaigning took him once to South Africa and several times to the Hills, he has been long years in the heat. When, in April, he took over the command of our forces in Mesopotamia, he found himself in the hottest spot on earth. Thirst and sand-storms—sand-storms that carry no refreshing wind with them, but only sand—have been among his troubles. He has overcome them, and overcome the Turks into the bargain. Germany is growing a little less confident about a Berlin-Bagdad thoroughfare; and we all know in what terms Mr. Asquith, in his statement on the war the other day in Parliament, referred to Sir John's victorious campaign. "In April," said the Prime Minister, "a second division was added to the force, and the command was assumed by General Sir John Nixon. After a brilliant series, and an absolutely unchequered series, of land and river operations, the Turks were driven back both up the Euphrates and up the Tigris. In July their final positions on both rivers were captured, with heavy casualties, and General Nixon's force is now within a measurable distance of Bagdad. I do not think that in the whole course of the war there has been a series of operations more carefully contrived, more brilliantly conducted, and with a better prospect of final success."

Lady Nixon's County. Lady Nixon's father was a Sussex man, and she is a child of Sussex. Gratwicke, his place at Billingshurst, between Horsham and Pulborough holds the key to Belloc's "Duncton, the Garden of Eden." The valley of the Arun, the Amberley flats, now flooded with the first November rains, Storrington, Chanctonbury Ring—these lie on the roads that run south from Billingshurst. Thakeham Street, with its steep cottages, the pine-woods of Greatham, the apples of Rackham, and, at every journey's end, the ale of Washington—these are some of the great rewards of the wisdom that takes and ties a man to Sussex.

Felpham Folk. Lady Nixon's father has two stakes in the county. To be "within measurable distance" not of Bagdad, but better (as Mr. Belloc would say), within measurable distance of Washington Inn, has not sufficed. Further afield, almost within hearing of the noisy sea on a stony beach, stands Felpham Manor, another of Lady Nixon's Sussex homes. This is William Blake's Felpham; the poet's little

cottage and little garden stand, for all men to see, near the road—a little cottage and a little garden as we size them, but big enough, at least when Blake was alive, to be discovered by heavenly visitants. The Archangel who tapped at his window-pane had been, we may suppose, nothing disconcerted by the narrowness of the garden gate.

The Change of Scene.

From this familiar little world of hedgerows and hamlets, Lady Nixon has turned her attention to another landscape—to the Valley of the Euphrates. From Blake's lyrics she must turn to consider the bewildering geography of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Whatever Mr. Belloc's claims for the Valley of the Arun, we must still regard these scenes of the new conflict as the cradle of the human race—and, what is more to the point, as the cradle of the Turkish Army.

Where No News is Good News.

The Arabia of antiquity struck northwards towards those rich lands; later, the

armies of Turkey marched east, bent on like conquests. Sir John Nixon, centuries behind the time, but still more swiftly than Berlin had thought possible, seeks the same goal from the East. Bagdad, we say, sounds a little behind the times; the name recalls the Arabian Nights and the illustrators of the 'sixties, and other fashions that are shelved. Sindbad the Sailor, whose favourite port was Basra, occupied by our troops exactly a year ago after a pitched battle with the Turks, is dead; but, more important still, the war correspondent is dead too. He has come to life again in Gallipoli, as if he only flourished in regions of depression and failure; but in Mesopotamia, whence he could send us good news, he is silent.

A Great Staff Officer.

Last November we had word of our successes on the coast of the Persian Gulf. Four months later came brief tidings of an addition to our troops on the Euphrates; and in the middle of July the papers were allowed to publish about half-a-column of narrative, without names, of further operations on the Tigris. The experts at home have pondered over their atlases, and written wisely of the products, population, religion, and temperature of Mesopotamia. But we have been badly starved in matters of more importance, and we await with patriotic impatience—or is it patience that is patriotic?—for the great despatch which Sir John is well qualified to write. His "Notes for Staff Officers on Field Service" showed him to be a master of

an admirably concise prose style. It showed him, moreover, to be alive to the ever-increasing importance of Staff work. "If we had your men or you had our Staff, either of us could beat the world," said a distinguished German soldier to his captors the other day.



THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN MESOPOTAMIA: GENERAL SIR JOHN ECCLES NIXON.

WIFE OF THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES IN MESOPOTAMIA: LADY NIXON.

General Nixon was born on Aug. 16, 1857, was educated at Wellington, and served in the 25th (the King's Own) Borderers and the 18th Bengal Lancers; and held several Staff appointments in India. He has seen considerable active service—in the Afghan War and in India generally: and he commanded a cavalry brigade in the South African War. In 1912 he was commanding the Southern Army in India. In 1884, he married Amy Louisa, daughter of James Wilson, of Gratwicke, Billingshurst, and Felpham Manor, Sussex.

Photographs by Vandyk.



AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY WEDDING: THE BRIDE-ELECT.



To Marry Mr. Hugo Houston on Nov. 30: The Hon. Maisie Dundas, Daughter of Violet Viscountess Melville.

St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, will be the scene of a wedding which is already creating much interest, when, on Nov. 30, the marriage of the Hon. Maisie Violet Annabella Dundas to Mr. Hugo Henry Houston is celebrated. Miss Dundas is the elder daughter

of the late Viscount Melville and Violet Viscountess Melville of 11, Lowndes Street, S.W., and was born in 1892. Mr. Houston is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Houston, of Wolverton House, Bucks.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS

HE WHO NEEDS HER. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married")

ONE of you—at least, I suppose he is a lonely soldier, or else he would not write to me, would he?—a sad, scratch-less "Sub" suggests that he should get frost-bitten or drop a rock on his foot in order to enlist interest and sympathy. Now, however did he guess that? It is a psychological subtlety that—forgive me, but—I would hardly have credited any man with! But did he guess? Was he not told? Did he not, perhaps, read the *Times* Personal Column, and did not such advertisement cause him recklessly to think?

"Lady (young) with means, willing to marry war-damaged hero." Why, it made me think, quite seriously, too. It made my frivolity fizzle out for a few moments. "Now," I thought, "they know. They have seen it in black-and-white, in warm print. They may not be able to divine, but, surely, they can read!" They, 'course, means you, war-marked men, and I was well content. What that girl did in advertising was a brave and good act. We can't all marry you—there are just a few too many of us, and some of us are already married, and then we want you to rest under your laurels, not to be crushed under orange-blossoms, when you come back. No, we can't all marry you, but we all can make you happy. I wish you would not smile (makes me feel shy!)—I meant that we all can show you that minus one arm or one leg, as long as your heart is "right there," ours is "right there," too, and beating, I don't know how much to the minute! Now, don't you run away with—(no, I am writing to soldiers brave!)—don't you imagine, then, that this is a love-letter, though, I s'pose there is safety in number, 'specially at the firing-line; and, anyway, if it is—sounds like a case at law, doesn't it?—a love-letter, it's not addressed to any one of you in particular, but to all the brave, good men that are fighting for us; and not from any one woman in particular—namely, your friend, Phrynette—but, I hope, from all the real women whose good wishes for your safety are around you, now, like shields.

I only want to make you realise that, to speak plainly, though you may be changed by the war, *we* won't be changed, and that, whatever you may lose in looks or comfort, we'll see that you don't lose in happiness and affection. And the *ci-devant* Apollo is not to imagine that, because he is no longer an Apol'o, she who knew him as such, and cared for him before, will cease to regard him as the beautifullest being on earth. Women have the memory of the heart—the other sort of ordinary memory, also, sometimes.

I am going to give away some of our woman's wiles. I would not, but I think it's just as well not to tax your intuition too far. If you come back wounded, the woman will weep and call you "poor dear," and will look sorry as she fills your pipe, *but* that's only her way and her art. She is pained, 'course, if you are in pain, *but*, again, deep down in that ever-motherly heart of hers, even if she

be the fluffiest flapper with the shortest skirts and the strangest slang—there will be a sort of soft, subdued joy. She feels you are more hers because of her debt to you, and of her now useful devotion to you. You have served her, she means to serve you. She isn't going to tell you all this, first, 'cos she hates fuss almost as much as you do, and 'cos she could not tell you if she tried—she can speak several foreign languages, but her modern English is inadequate to her very ancient instinct. If I can tell you all she feels in plain English, it's that I am French, you see, and ignorant of the subtleties of your silences!

WAR-WORK.



WHEN THE HOUSE-BOY HAS ENLISTED.

DRAWN BY G. E. PETO.

Anyway, when you see her perched on one arm of your arm-chair, cutting up your meat for you, the plate miraculously secure on the knee of her crossed left leg, and when you hear her say in that sweet voice of hers that makes her short, rough sentences sound like a part in theatricals, "There, now, you silly old fat-head, you gulp down that grub!" you'll know that what she really means, and is trying not to say, is, "You blessed, beloved man, may I cut your meat for you for ever and ever, and learn how to light your cigarette without burning your moustache; and instead of the hand you dare no longer ask for, here are my two willing, eager, capable, useful hands in exchange for the one you've lost." For she wants you to want her, and loves you to love her; but if you *need* her, then she is won. She so badly wants to mother you, and in ordinary time when you are fit and well, devoured by duties—or flitting about town—she never gets the chance. Perhaps you have never noticed the tone of disappointment with which, in pre-war days, Bella was heard saying: "Yes, I am off to Switzerland for two months' winter sports. Bertie? Oh, Bertie can do splendidly without me!" And we all felt sorry for Bertie; Bella was such a dear, if somewhat of a coquette; but, *pourquoi, diable*, could not the silly ass need her? That's what

all their friends wondered who were in the court during the divorce proceedings. Well, you may call me an Opti-Miss, but, methinks, there won't be so many divorces after the war. I foresee a new fashion in family life, a Joan-and-Darby-dom. We'll look up to you, and we'll stoop to serve you because you have conquered.

And I think you'll find us not only "pretty little dears," but quite human beings, when you come back; you'll be surprised at our sense and strength. It is not given to many of us to die *en beauté* like your great countrywoman did in Belgium; but we'll try to render life lovable to the brave—when you come back.

And you must not let any silly vanity prevent you from saying "Yes," with a smile, but no sigh, when we'll turn to you with frank courage: "Comrade, let me help you!"

A FITZ-GEORGE TO MARRY A GEORGE: THE BRIDE-TO-BE.



*Engaged to Mr. George Foster Earle: Miss George Daphne Fitz-George,
Granddaughter of the late Duke of Cambridge.*

A marriage which will take place in December, and cause much interest in Society, will be that of Miss George Daphne Fitz-George, the second daughter of the late Colonel Fitz-George, 20th Hussars, and a grand-daughter of H.R.H. the late Duke of

Cambridge, who was a cousin of Queen Victoria and for many years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. The dukedom became extinct in 1904. Miss Fitz-George is to marry Mr. George Foster Earle, son of Mr. J. Hudson Earle, of Cottingham, Yorkshire.

Photographs by Swaine and Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



—and now for the 'Pianola' Piano

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EXTRY SPESHUL !



THE SPECIAL (*compelled to make an embarrassing arrest*) : Look here, old chap. If you'll come quietly I'll give you half-a-crown.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LYETTE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.



The Touch Exquisite.—Madame's face-towel of finest linen has a monogram surrounded by roses and a border of pink roses with black leaves.

Lull-Me-to-Sleep Room.

Dress apart, nowhere has its decline been more evident than in the realm of room-decoration. The nightmare designs popular months ago have given place to sanity and good taste once more. The colour-scheme of the room of to-day is chosen for its sedative rather than its stimulating qualities. Glaring purple walls topped with a frieze of violent orange are no longer wanted. The once-popular panels suggesting the dismembered remains of Euclid's diagrams have lost their power to charm. There is not much sale for the carpet whose surface suggests a series of accidents in the loom. It is easy to

New Ideas in Room Decoration.

Futurism as a force sickened when the war broke out, and has steadily grown more anæmic. A couple of years ago London Society took up Futurism as if its life depended on it. It talked Futurism, it dreamt it, in rooms decorated in accordance with its tenets; it dressed Futuristically, and cultivated the death-mask face necessary for obtaining the right effect. Of course, too, it ate it—or rather, ate as Futurism requires—off ill-matched plates of strange hues, set on table-cloths still stranger, upon which a gaunt twig with a single orange on it served as a decoration. Some even affected a diet based on the contrasting colours of the food consumed. The cult grew and flourished. It even gave its name to a certain style of dress—the negation of every accepted canon of sartorial good taste. Then came the war, and Futurism fled.

account for the popularity of Futurism. It simply 'caught on' because people wanted to be stimulated. After years of indulgence in one sensation after another, they could, as it were, only be roused by a blow from a hammer. The war came as a hammer. It has applied sensations enough of its own for the most extravagant appetite, and present designs in room-decoration seem inspired with the quite justifiable belief that people in the privacy of their own homes are rather glad to escape from any severe shock. Instead of Futurist frocks, we have the nurse's uniform or the war-worker's eminently practical "get-up." The "death" face finds little favour with authorities on the look-out for sturdy workers.

To look strong and healthy is the ambition of every woman just now. She wants to be a real, honest, helpful human being, not a thing of pose and masquerade. Futurist rooms, of course, still exist. But many of them are endowed with a new significance. They remain because people do not want to spend money in changing them. They stand for a symbol of that war economy which we have it on the authority of the Prime Minister every good citizen ought to practise.

Sedative Designs and Colours.

In home-decoration, as in dress, fashion is as fickle as it is potent, and the modish designs for wall-coverings, room-decorations, and furniture which are in vogue at the moment are inspired with a definite object—to create an atmosphere of rest and peace. There is a tendency to combine soft pale shades (greys, blues, and pinks) with delicate silk curtains and satin coverlets—to produce, in fact, a room which suggests the abode of the dainty ladies Watteau loved to paint. Just as the man home on leave from the trenches hates to talk or think about the war, so woman likes to escape to her own sanctum, and in its dainty appointments forget for a time that life is a strenuous business for everyone just now. The war-time boudoir and the war-time bedroom suggest anything but the great conflict in which most of Europe is engaged.

Peace with Distinction.

The silk curtains veiled in filet-net decorated with lifelike roses, or any other blossom, which adorn the silver bed seem especially designed for the exclusion of all but pleasant dreams. The luxurious depths of a black-velvet chair invite repose. Its seat is sometimes shell-shaped, and it provides a decisive colour accent, which may be further emphasised by a black, flower-decked cushion or two. Glass-topped tables supported on legs of twisted metal wink cheerfully through imponderable veils of net which match the curtains and hangings of the dressing-table. Similarly, the electric-bulbs supported on glass lamp-stands glow discreetly through shades decorated with the chosen flower. The et-ceteras of the dressing-table must all be in keeping; the powder-box, the trinket-case, the pin-cushion—all the trifles of the dressing-table "toe the line" to the general idea. Even brush-backs and mirror must exhibit the necessary colour harmony, the shade in the first instance being chosen, of course, with due regard to the eyes, hair, and complexion of the owner.



A Bed of Roses.—A silver bed on a raised dais has a valance and curtain of black velvet with silver roses embroidered thereon, the other curtain being of silver-grey chained back with roses, and there is a design of roses with silver tassels hanging from the top. A velvet bed-spread made in a huge triangle has a silver tassel and rose at the end.

LIVING ON HALF INCOME.



THE ACTOR: Yes, laddie; I was resting all last year: total income, nought. Half nought's nought—nothin' in it, laddie.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE STREAM.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

FLYNT found the note awaiting him when he came back from his evening walk. It was short, and entirely non-explanatory—*"Can you run down and see me at once?"*—but the fact that Quinion had written gave the thing a certain urgency.

He had not seen Quinion for nearly a year, though their friendship up till then had been close and continuous. Flynt had been abroad; Quinion had, he knew, migrated from London to somewhere in the country. The notepaper was headed *"The Stream House, Wythersby."* Flynt's work as a black-and-white artist gave him ample leisure, and there would be no difficulty in his getting away; but it was manifestly too late to think of starting that night. As the best alternative, he packed a handbag and looked up the trains. They were infrequent and slow, but there was one leaving Waterloo a little after nine which would bring him to Wythersby before noon.

The morning dawned with an illusive brightness and a keen, high wind. He left the dingy little station, and followed a road that wound under an avenue of elms through which the sunlight fell in vivid splashes. The hedges were gay with the colouring of autumn, his ear caught the distant ripple of flowing water, and Flynt, freed from the confinement of a stuffy compartment, frankly rejoiced in his holiday.

He came upon a grey stone building that tallied with the station-master's description, and finally spoke to a man who was lounging on the opposite side. *"Does Mr. Quinion live here?"*

The man nodded. *"You a friend of his?"* he asked.

"Yes. Nothing wrong with him, I hope?"

"Not at present," said the man, with a short laugh. *"You'll find him somewhere about, if you ring the bell."*

Flynt took the hint, and after an interval the blistered front door opened. Quinion stood in the threshold. He looked fagged and thin, and much older. His pleasure at seeing Flynt was obviously spontaneous and genuine. *"It's decent of you to have come down,"* he said. *"If there had been another soul I could have turned to, I wouldn't have bothered you."*

"That's all right," said Flynt, a little awkwardly. *"Anything I can do, of course—By the way, what is the trouble?"*

Quinion, without answering, shut the door and led the way to the dining-room.

"Did you happen to notice a man near the gate as you came in?"

"A heavily built fellow in a check suit?"

"Yes. He's a plain-clothes detective. He's been there, on and off, for the past three days."

"Why?"

Quinion laughed gratingly.

"It's Scotland Yard's delicate manner of indicating that they're going to arrest me when they've evidence enough to risk it. You've heard of the Mutimer affair, I suppose?"

Flynt shook his head.

"Since I came back from New York I've hardly seen the papers."

"Old Mutimer was my uncle, and this house, like most of the village, belonged to him. Some months ago he asked me to give up my London 'digs' and come down here. He'd no other relations, and he was getting old. I knew he'd a queer temper, but I was infernally hard up, and I risked it and came. The experiment began well—we'd one or two hobbies in common, and I suppose I was on my best behaviour. He suggested that I should live in Wythersby for good."

"I fancy with most people there's a point beyond which intimacy leads straight to disillusion. Mutimer was a man with enough will-power for a dozen, and a temper to match, and we had one or two minor disagreements that developed into violent quarrels. He'd a crony named Warren—an old fool I detested—and the pair of them used to slang me in unison. The only servants were a housekeeper named Edge and a boy who worked in the garden, and there wasn't a soul in the village I cared to make friends with. It got pretty deadly, for I'd chucked my berth in town and couldn't afford to go back. I wish to God now that I'd chanced it."

"About ten days ago we had the biggest row of all. As usual, it was my uncle and Warren against myself—all three of us making a pretence of keeping our tempers, and saying the most exasperating things we could lay our tongues to. Warren fired off his customary demand as to why I wasn't doing my share in Flanders, though he knows my sight isn't good enough. The row began in the house, and ended by Mutimer and Warren stamping off together down the road that leads to the station. The housekeeper swore afterwards that she heard me threaten to murder the pair of them. It was a lie, of

course, but one that I couldn't disprove. The quarrel wound up with a plain hint that the sooner I cleared out the better, and, after wandering about in the garden for a time to cool down, I went into the house to pack up my things. Presently I heard Mrs. Edge coming up the stairs. She stood in the doorway, breathing in gasps, and I looked up from the trunk I was fastening.

"What is it?" I asked.

"What's become of the master and Mr. Warren?"

"They went out an hour ago," I told her.

"Where?"

"Down the road to the station, I suppose. How should I know?"

"She came nearer."

"You villain," she said, *"you've made away with the pair of them!"* And before I could realise what had happened, a policeman came tramping into the house with the news that old Mutimer had been found about a hundred yards down the road with the back of his skull smashed in; while Warren's hat, wet with blood, was found at the bottom of the ditch close by. Warren himself had disappeared; but a party of caravanners encamped a little further on swore that he had not passed them, and if he had gone in the other direction half the village would have seen him.

"And since then?"

"The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, and the Yard keeps a vigilant eye on me."

"Is that why you're still here?"

"That, and the fact that there isn't a soul in the village who would give me a night's lodging. Lord, the stupid brutality of the rustic mind! When a half-finished will was discovered, that disinherited me and left the property to a local hospital, any doubt Wythersby had concerning the criminal was changed into certainty. . . . There you have the thing in a nutshell. And I'm pretty near the end of my tether with the worry of it all."

Flynt ceased his restless pacing of the room.

"It's infernal luck. There are no witnesses for the defence, I suppose?"

Quinion shook his head. *"Though the road the men took leads to the station, at that time of day it's practically deserted. No one, except myself and Mrs. Edge, was even aware that they'd left the house."*

"Who found the body and Warren's hat?"

"The police-sergeant who came on to the house."

"You've got in touch with your lawyers?"

"A junior partner came down to talk things over. But though he did his best to be civil and to pretend that he thought the whole thing would blow over, he made it obvious that he didn't like the look of the business and that he was glad to catch the train back."

Flynt eyed him critically. *"At present,"* he said, *"what you're needing is exercise and change of scene. I suppose the fellow outside doesn't interfere with your movements?"*

"He merely tracks me, which is worse. Have you ever been persistently and clumsily shadowed, Flynt? A month of it would break the nerve of the toughest man that ever lived."

"Perhaps. But you've a garden—"

"No," said Quinion, with a violence that verged on the hysterical.

"Why not?"

"It slopes down to the stream where—" He broke off abruptly. *"If I'm talking more like a fool than usual, put it down to the fact that I've been sleeping badly."*

"Any objection to my exploring on my own account?"

"Not if you'll swear to come back."

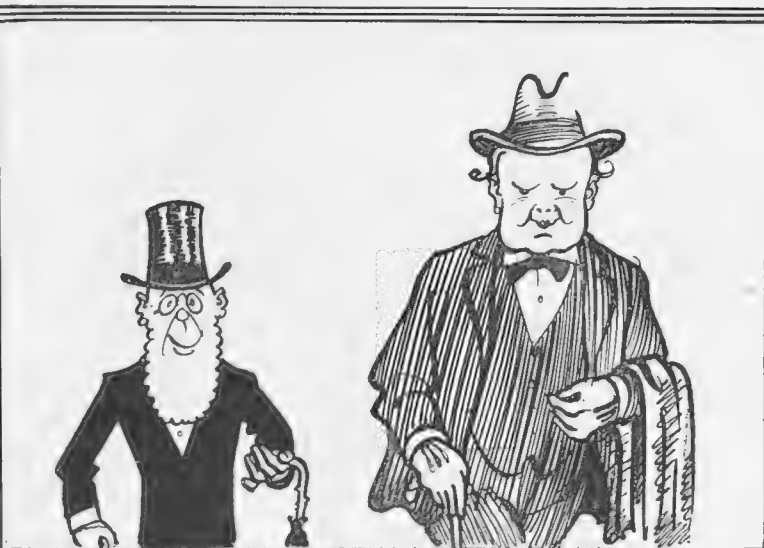
"Why shouldn't I?" said Flynt. He crossed, as he spoke, to the French windows at the end of the room. They opened upon a lawn thickly littered with dead leaves and bordered by ragged clumps of Michaelmas daisies and yellow chrysanthemums. Beyond was a gravel path and a wide strip of sward that led down to the stream that gave the house its name. There was something sinister and yet fascinating in the dark swiftness of the water, but a small boat tied to a post beside a flight of wooden steps bore witness to the fact that it was navigable. Flynt, following the winding path that skirted the property, found himself presently at the house again. He stepped in through the still open windows. Quinion, who did not appear to have moved from his seat, looked up.

"Well?"

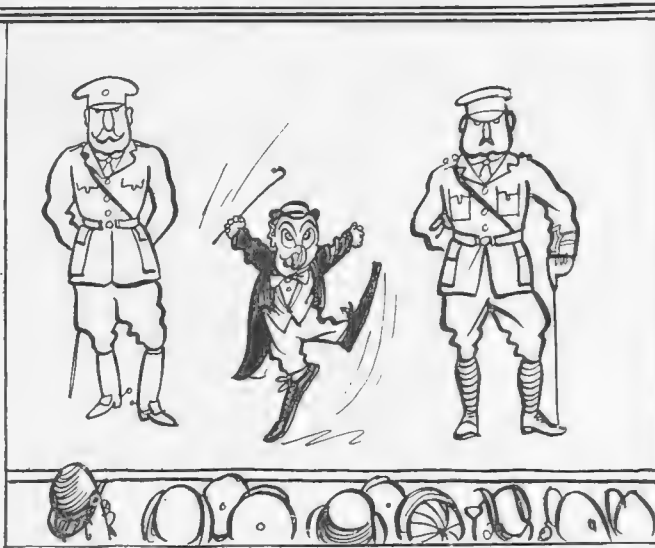
"I'll confess that that stream of yours doesn't make for optimism but—"

[Continued overleaf.]

THANKS AWFULLY FOR TELLING US!



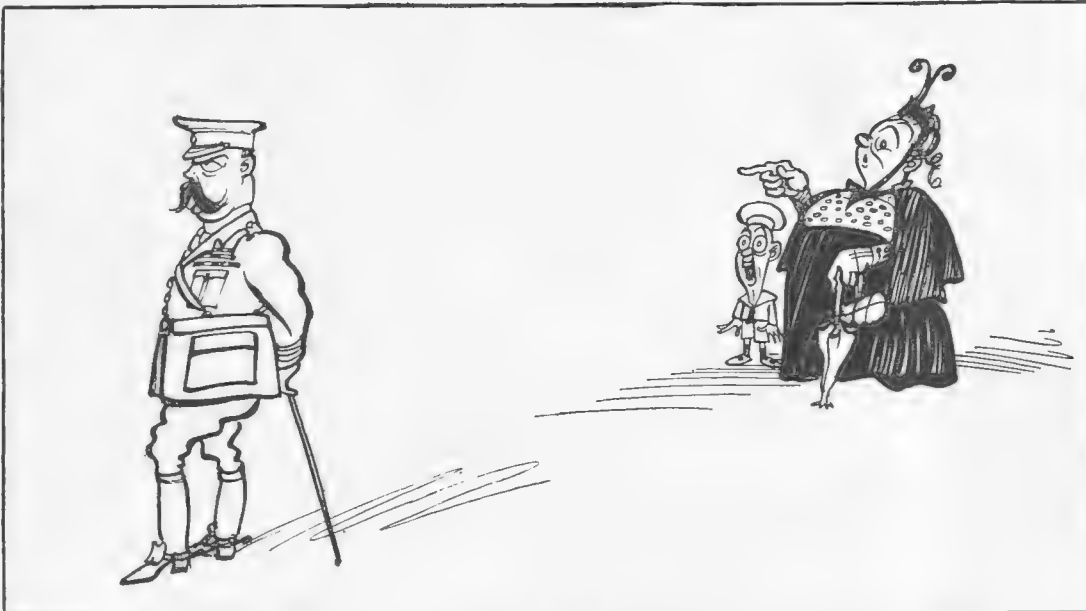
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE EMINENT PAINTER (RIGHT);
AND A FRIEND.



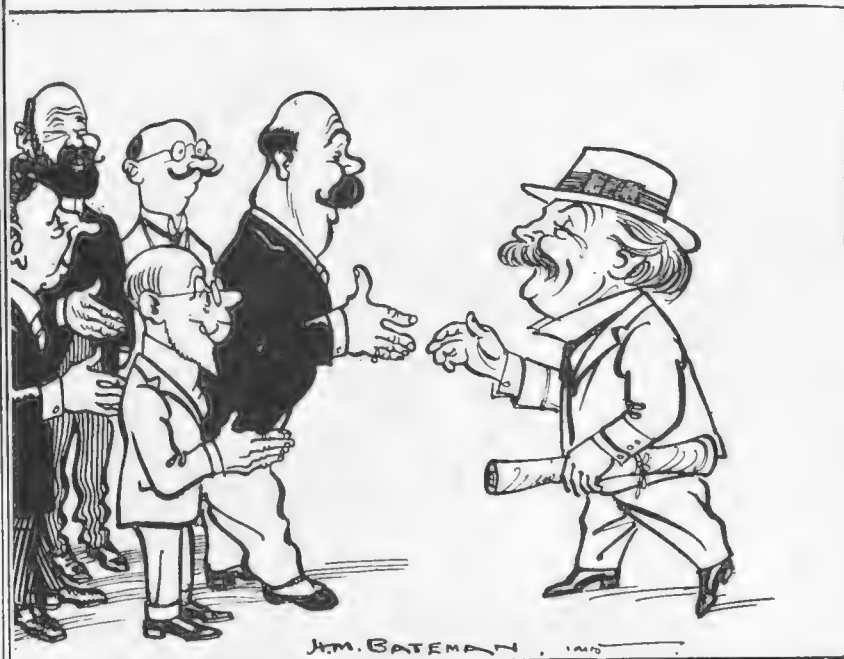
MR. LITTLE TICH (CENTRE) APPEALS FOR RECRUITS,
IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



AN UNEXPLODED SHELL (X)
PICKED UP AT THE FRONT.



LORD KITCHENER, THE WAR MINISTER (ON LEFT OF PICTURE), NEAR THE WAR OFFICE,
AT WHICH HE WORKS DAILY.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE (WEARING HAT) ARRIVES AT THE GREAT MUNITIONS
MEETING.



LORD X (IN UNIFORM) AND HIS BRIDE, LADY ANGELA
(IN WEDDING-DRESS).



BISHOP BLANK COMFORTING A NEGRO (WITHOUT HAT)
WHO HAS BEEN REJECTED AS MEDICALLY UNFIT.

"Yet the old man was fond enough of it. He was out in the boat before breakfast pretty well every day. At first I used to go with him, but later I left him to it. We used to pull up at a point where the stream is divided by a tongue of land. The main part flows on to the weir, the smaller into a little backwater."

"You've not been there since the tragedy?"

Quinion shuddered a dissent. "I may be a superstitious fool, but the very banks seem saturated with the old man's personality. It's difficult to explain, but if you'd known him you'd understand. I've come to hate and dread the stream as I hated and dreaded him."

"Nevertheless, by moonlight—"

"Please yourself," said Quinion irritably. "There's a full moon in a couple of days, I believe. I don't know how long you can stay; but, of course, the longer the better. Except for the char-woman I've managed to hire, and the people who leave provisions, I'm entirely alone."

The day passed draggingly. Flynt explored the house, which held little to interest him, and, later, the garden. A decay and desolation which was not even picturesque clung about both like a mantle. Rain fell drivingly and almost without intermission, and Quinion's society was more depressing than none at all. Flynt found himself thinking regretfully of his comfortable rooms at Westminster.

He went to bed early, though without much expectation of sleeping. As he lay staring up at the dingy ceiling, fretted with the moonlight that filtered through a broken Venetian blind, he heard, intensified, the ripple of swiftly flowing water. His room was at the back of the house. He got out of bed and went to the window. He could distinguish the lawn, the gravel path, and rough turf, and, in the distance and inexplicably luminous, the stream. It seemed to Flynt that the murmur rose and fell like the cadences of a human voice.

"I'm letting a tormented imagination get the better of me, and behaving like a fool," he told himself roughly. He went back to bed, and presently to sleep. But such dreams as came to him were like half-told stories, and left him restless and distressed. He came down to breakfast wondering whether he should be able to endure another twenty-four hours in the place, and found Quinion waiting. He was moody and preoccupied, and scarcely spoke at all. At a sudden peal of the front-door bell he looked up with a white face and haggard eyes.

"I'll go," said Flynt.

At the entrance he encountered a heavy-featured woman in black.

"I've come to tell you—" she began, and stopped abruptly at the sight of a stranger.

"I am a friend of Mr. Quinion's," said Flynt. "I can take him any message you care to leave."

"It's just this, then," said the woman quickly. "My name's Edge, and I used to be housekeeper here. If me and Mr. Quinion didn't always hit it off together—and we've both quick tempers—I guess I don't bear him ill-will enough to get him hanged. When I said that I heard him threaten to murder them two it was a lie, and I'm sorry. I came this morning to tell him that they're taking out a warrant, and unless he gets away—"

"It's good of you to let him know. But don't you think that if he tried to escape the village will assume he's guilty?"

"They've assumed that already," she said grimly. "However, if he ain't pluck enough to try to save his neck, it's no affair of mine. Good-day to you, Sir."

She turned and stamped stolidly down the drive, a figure of unruffled respectability. Flynt went back to where Quinion was still sitting moodily over his coffee.

"Who was it?"

"Mrs. Edge. She came to let you know that they've issued a warrant for your arrest."

Quinion pushed back his cup and stood up.

"You've nothing to suggest?"

"Nothing for the present," said Flynt.

Quinion went up to his room. He did not appear again until lunch-time, and his white and stricken face haunted Flynt continuously. For the first time, the ghastly possibility of the authorities being right in their surmises presented itself.

The rain had now ceased, but the very fact seemed to unveil and make plainer the dreary wretchedness of the place. In the evening Flynt, seeking an occupation, built a big fire of logs that he found in an out-house, so that the drab room was filled with warmth and leaping shadows. Quinion watched him listlessly, and spoke only at rare intervals.

"By-the-way," he said, as Flynt, candle in hand, prepared to go up to his room, "did the stream trouble you at all last night?"

"A little. But I should have slept badly, I think, in any case."

"Change rooms, if you like—I'm in front."

"It doesn't matter," said Flynt, though in his inmost soul he would have given a good deal to change.

He lingered over his undressing, but once in bed, fell asleep almost immediately. He was awakened, as suddenly as if a hand had been laid on his shoulder, by a bar of moonlight falling across his closed eyes. He sat up, blinking. Outside, the world was lit with a brilliance that made it as light as day. The ripple of the water seemed louder than ever. All possibility of further sleep was dissipated, and he dressed almost mechanically. As he was fastening a shoe he heard the echo of a strange, heavy splash that set his

heart leaping. He opened the door and went out on to the landing.

"Dick!" he called. "Dick!"

There was no answer. Quinion's room was empty.

Before he realised it, Flynt had hurried down and across the hall and out through the open windows of the dining-room in the direction of the stream. But before he reached the bank he could distinguish a head and shoulders above the water, silhouetted darkly against the green slope beyond. Flynt, cursing his inability to swim, climbed into the boat and unfastened it. The little craft was swept at once into the middle of the stream.

"Dick!" shouted Flynt again. Quinion heard him, swung round in a half-circle, and made a clutch at the boat as it raced past. His hand caught at the side, tilting it dangerously. For an instant it seemed that the whole thing must overturn. Flynt instinctively shifted his weight to relieve the strain; Quinion, struggling like a giant fish, and with the water falling from him in splashes of transparent silver, presently fell panting into the boat.

"What on earth happened?" Flynt demanded.

"What's the use of asking? I tried to drown myself, and couldn't. The stream wouldn't let me. It called—and then held me, hideously. Pull back to the bank, and I'll try to forget the fool I've made of myself."

Flynt, who had been fumbling with the oars, suddenly shipped them again. His face was flushed and puzzled.

"I can't. I used to be able to pull a bit, but in this current—"

"Here, give them to me," said Quinion impatiently.

He pushed the oars into the rowlocks and flung his weight against them. The speed of the drifting boat slackened for a moment; then, as the tension relaxed, shot forward again.

"Steer her into the bank," panted Quinion.

Flynt dragged at the rudder. It cracked with a sound like a pistol-shot, flinging him forward. They drifted helplessly, equidistant from either bank.

"How far are we from the weir?" asked Flynt, after a space.

"About half-a-mile," said Quinion.

They floated onward, as steadily as though drawn by an invisible tug, between low banks wreathed in mist, and under a high and scornful moon that picked out every leaf and twig with inexorable minuteness. No journey that Flynt had ever made equalled the strangeness of that swift and mysterious voyage. Neither man spoke, for speech seemed futile. Flynt stared straight ahead of him; Quinion's eyes, for the most part, were fixed with a kind of dazed abstraction on the planks at his feet. Once or twice he shivered. Flynt passed him his coat, and he put it on with muttered thanks.

They heard a distant murmur, rising, with slow cadences, to a dull roar. "The weir?" said Flynt.

Quinion nodded. "If we could have steered into the backwater before it was too late—"

It was obviously their only chance, for human help was non-existent. Throughout the journey there was no sign of life of any sort. The boat shot on, and Flynt saw a long spit of turf stretching, like a giant finger, parallel with the banks. It came nearer and nearer.

"It's no use," said Quinion, in a level voice.

"We're turning," said Flynt hoarsely. "Dick, the stream's racing down the backwater!"

As he spoke the boat swerved sharply, and they shot up the narrower channel. Flynt had a nightmare vision of inky-black waters losing themselves with a roar among waist-high rushes, of a couple of startled birds leaping upward with a cry almost in his face, and of the boat running into a gravelly shallow and stopping so violently that Quinion and he were almost flung out.

He staggered to his feet. "God knows whether I'm asleep or awake, but if this goes on much longer—"

Quinion's hand gripped his arm fiercely. "Look!"

Flynt, turning, found himself staring down at the body of a grey-bearded man that lay half-hidden in a shallow, weed-choked pool. The face wore a fixed and mocking smile; clutched in the stiff hand was a note-book.

Quinion, with a shudder, took it up.

"This is to say," he read, "that it was I who killed James Mutimer. It is a mistake to assume that men who attack a common enemy do not quarrel among themselves. If I disliked Quinion, I hated Mutimer. I owed him money, and he made my life a purgatory. A fresh dispute broke out during our walk down the road to the station, and ended in his gripping me by the throat. I struck him twice with my stick—and the second blow killed him. My hat had fallen, and lay in his blood. I flung it into the ditch and, with no clear idea of what I meant to do, made off across the fields. I was still running blindly when I heard the voice of the stream calling. . . . Each time I tried to escape it rose in a roar to Heaven. Perhaps I am mad, but . . ."

There was a wide gap, and then—

"The waters are sucking and dragging at my feet. God have mercy on my soul. "THOMAS NELSON WARREN."

The two men gazed at one another fearfully. Neither spoke, but Quinion pointed to the stream. Flynt, staring, saw that the current had ceased to flow, and that the backwater lay dark and stagnant under the waning light.

THE END.

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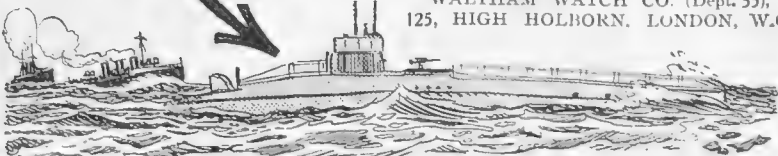
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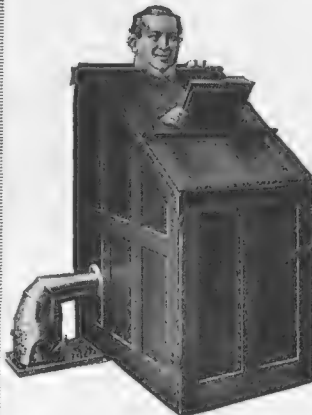
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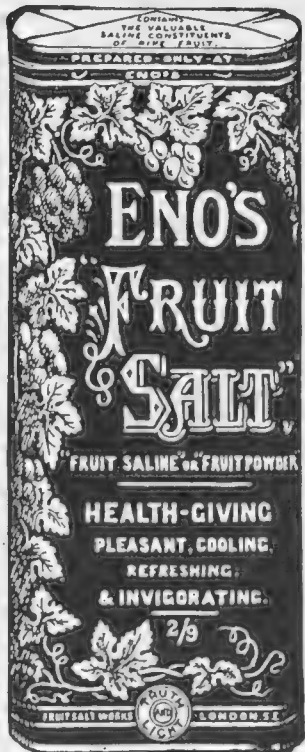
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WOMAN'S WAYS

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Rightly to understand Undergraduates, it is clear that a man should have been, in his gay and unscrupulous youth, an undergraduate himself. The Bishop of Bristol, with his delightful book of "Recollections," is a notable case in point. When Proctor at Cambridge in the 'sixties and 'seventies, there was no dodge which, as Mr. Henry James would put it, he was not "up to." In his six years of office he seems to have been tactful, humorous—even genial, but at the same time possessed of an eagle eye for detecting these light-hearted criminals. That the future wearer of the mitre was once himself proctorised we gather from the following entertaining story. "About seven years ago," writes Bishop Browne, whose College had been St. Catharine's, "a Cabinet Minister tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'You've owed me six-and-eightpence for thirty-five years!' I advised a claim in the House of Commons for the return of his fine—only for being without a cap and gown—at compound interest. Soon after we met at dinner, when he was Minister in Attendance. A great lady came to me after dinner, and said she had been asked by the Minister to appeal to me to procure the return of a large sum of money. I asked if the great lady had learned the name of the person from whom the money was to be procured? She had not heard the real name; but the Minister had called him 'Old Browne of Cats.'" Thus do the high-and-mighty carry on the amenities of life and show they remember their common human youth.

Taxes on Titles.

Certainly the possession or the acquiring of a title must be regarded as essentially a "luxury," and there is some plausibility in the recent ingenious plea for setting a definite price on the right to be called My Lord and My Lady. At the same time, we should remember that there are Peers and Peers; some, barely able to maintain an outward decent appearance. It would not be a bad idea to impose a considerable tax on all titles bestowed for political reasons during the last twenty years—bringing both sides into the net. It would be a hardship to tax retired "dips" with titles *de circonstance*, hard-worked Civil Servants, Indian officials, Army and Navy men, and professors. The great lawyers and doctors

have ample wealth and the opportunity to create it, and they might reasonably contribute to the war in this way. There is certainly something attractive in the idea of the open purchase of titles during, and for, the war. A multi-millionaire might be willing to give so vast a sum for a dukedom or a marquessate at this crisis as to make him a national benefactor. And why should not the women be included in the scheme, and be able to purchase, for a lump sum down, the title of Lady? Innumerable spinsters of uncertain age would gladly drop the inglorious "Miss"—always an absurd way of addressing anyone over forty, except an actress—in exchange for a dignified title.



GIVING AN ADDRESS ON THE WAR:
MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

Mr. John Buchan, who has done so much good work in describing various phases of the war, is a barrister-at-law and a member of the firm of Thomas Nelson and Sons, the well-known publishers. He was born in August 1875. He had a distinguished career at Glasgow University and at Oxford; won the Newdigate Prize in 1898; and was President of the Oxford Union in the following year. For two years he was Private Secretary to the High Commissioner for South Africa (Lord Milner). Amongst his works are "Scholar Gypsies," "The African Colony," "Some Eighteenth-Century Bye-Ways," "The Moon Endureth," and "The Marquess of Montrose."

Photograph by Eeresford.

strict censorship is maintained, yet, all the same, the head of the household, like the man in the street with regard to the war, is suspected of guessing the truth.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Corri on the Noble Art.

Mr. Eugene Corri is so well known in the world of "Boxiana," as authors of other days would have called patrons of the Ring, that it was not to be expected that any book of his memories would be dull. On the other hand, it might have interested the initiated alone. That is where Mr. Corri has scored: he has knocked out those who believe that those ignorant of the noble art cannot be fascinated by tales of great boxers and their matches, and has won easily on points. As we have said, he writes with vast knowledge: he can claim to have refereed at least a thousand matches, and to have seen three times as many. And his descriptive manner is breezy and excellent. We cannot deal with his book chapter by chapter, therefore choose a few points which may strike the layman as unusual.

Boxers' Mascots.

First as to 'mascots.' Johnny Summers, a devout Roman Catholic, always keeps a crucifix by him—we apologise for calling it a mascot, save in the sense that it is kept to ward off evil. The crucifix may be concealed under a pillow, as was the case when training to fight Freddy Welsh at the National Sporting Club several years ago, or it may be skilfully concealed in his sock, where it can be reverently touched at will." Carpentier—now fighting greater battles as a member of the French Flying Corps—pinned his faith to a violinist, an independent little French gentleman of delightfully simple manners. He worshipped Carpentier, and was ready to do anything to oblige or amuse the national hero. . . . Carpentier's mascot died a little while ago, and the boxer must have felt his loss very much, because he invariably had him with him at his fights. It was almost a case of Prince and Jester." Other men, other methods.

A Battle Royal.

Mr. Corri has something to say of men so crooked that they could sleep in a corkscrew; but, generally, he finds that the boxer plays the game. After all, it is policy—as well as following a natural desire in most cases—to be honest. The customary contest is not as the 'battle-royal,' in which none could tell whether he was using his fists fairly or foully. 'Only in a battle-royal' among niggers is everything and anything permitted short of using a pole-axe or a coke-hammer. A 'battle-royal' is a contest among a dozen, or it may be a score, of black men who are thrown together into a sort of cock-pit. The nigger who survives the lot is the conqueror. Every man's fist is against every other man's; and any two or three, or more, may be against any one of the number."

The Wizard Wilde.

Of all the boxers he has known, Mr. Corri classes Jimmy Wilde as the wizard. "Wells, Welsh, and Wilde—the last of these is the greatest of these. Wilde strikes all the lot of us almost dumb with amazement. . . . Analyse him we cannot. His lightning speed, his perfectly timed blows, his gliding foot-work, and the manner in which those long, pipe-shank arms of his drive his opponents back reeling and blowing, or cause them to measure their length on the floor, baffle expert and layman alike. . . . Brute force he has absolutely none. . . . yet he hits as hard as if his thin arms were steel rods. So hard do his blows fall that he has several times broken his right hand on an opponent's body, and been compelled to finish a fight—and win it—practically doing all the work with his left hand.

"Thirty Years a Boxing Referee," By Eugene Corri. Illustrated. (Arnold; 10s. 6d. net.)



GIVING AN ADDRESS ON THE WAR:
MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM.

Mr. Graham and Mr. John Buchan are giving "Personal Reports from the War," at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, to-day (Nov. 10), at three o'clock, in aid of the Press Contributors' Emergency Fund. Tickets can be obtained at Sunderland House, and are priced at 7s. 6d. Mr. Graham, we need scarcely remind our readers, is the well-known traveller who has written so much about Russia, in which he has lived with peasants and students, and over much of which he has tramped. He was born in 1884.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Manly Men and the Mode.

A man home from the war, discoursing on the change of fashion, said he hardly knew his wife when she met him at the station. "Left her all slim and sleek," said he; "came back after nine months, and found her all fluffed out and as perky as a chicken. Left her with no hair to be seen and a hat pulled down to her little pink ears; came back, found a jauntily dressed, smart head, and an impertinent hat cocked on it at an angle like a young R.F.C. subaltern's forage-cap. Left her the apparent possessor of one foot, or two swaddled up together; found her with two neat little feet, in smart little boots, and a stride like an angel's version of a Grenadier's swagger. Tell you, I was surprised!" The surprise was all pleasant, for he said "she was younger-looking and a far freer-going comrade than when he left." When a manly man talks about fashion there is always much truth behind what he says; he grasps salient points, and gets effects broadly. A millineric man talking frocks is rather more finicky than a woman.

The Ideal and the Real.

We sat in a motor-car waiting at Cox's—how many a wait there is these days!—and we unfolded a lady's paper and looked upon the beautiful figure which adorned the cover. She had pretty slippers, a white frock, a straw hat, a sunshade, open but not up, and she carried bundles of flame-coloured and russet flowers and leaves.

It was the first day of November; outside, on the street, we saw the real autumn maidens, paddling along in slush and wet. True, their skirts were dry—so much has the new and sensible fashion effected—but the shoes were often down-at-heel, and would have been far more sightly had they been more substantial. Hats and coats were wet, and hair was straggling and thin; we looked again at the ideal young lady on the cover of the fashion journal, and sighed that things were not just so!

A Wonderful War Dog.

There is a charming dog-story in the form of a booklet called "Terrier, V.C." It is the history of how a little black-and-tan Manchester terrier won the V.C. It will fascinate children, and is a quite charming gift-book for small people at Christmas. All the profits of its sale—it is published by the Aldine Company, Crown Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.—will go to the Blue Cross Fund. The story is by Julia Lowndes Tracy, and there is a foreword by Lady Smith-Dorrien, who is President of the Blue Cross Fund, and whose photograph forms the frontispiece of the book. The illustrations are by Louis Wain—'nuff said! The Blue Cross looks after Army horses at home and at the

enjoy the story of Terrier, V.C., but by giving it to them, sick and wounded horses will be cared for.

British and Best.

Possibly the first, certainly one of the most serious, attacks made on our trade by the crafty Germans was on our woollen underwear. We really did behave rather like sheep in wearing the wool the Germans chose to tell us to wear. Before the war we had begun to know better, and to see the wolf of meretriciousness and real poverty beneath the German sheep's clothing. We found out how reliable, comfortable, durable, unshrinkable, and all other desirables was Wolsey Underwear, which is in every particular British. On its own merit it has become the most widely selling underwear in the world. It conquered the Germans, and deserves more and ever more patronage of British people. Many millions of Wolsey woollen garments have been given to our soldiers and sailors, whose magnificent health and fitness is a marvel to the world. Now is the time to fortify physically against the cold and changeable weather. Wolsey underwear is the thing to do it with; it is cosy, comfortable, and the best of all possible value. Health is wealth, and pure Wolsey wool next the skin is the royal road to health, and quite a pleasant one to walk in.

Walking in Again.

We women had almost forgotten the uses of our lower limbs; between hobbled skirts, almost ethereal foot and leg wear, and motor conveyances, we had become in movement what we most aspired to look like—swathed mermaids. Now we have freed our legs we begin to use them, and find walking quite a pleasing novelty. Our chauffeurs under forty are being picked up for war service, so it is just as well we can walk and like it. The Park will once more be a smart promenade, perhaps, and shop-windows once again have attractive powers to the women who used to avoid the Park in their cars because of the speed-limit, and who only saw the windows of the West-End shops when their cars were held up by traffic. As a matter of real hard fact, doctors began to fear a very serious falling-off of healthiness in the wealthy class of our sex. A few played golf, it is true, but thousands did not; and fashionable doctors found that their patients' worst illnesses were frequently caused by want of exercise. The ladies quite refused to agree with this diagnosis, but were quite pleased to agree to being victims of nervous breakdown.

MADE OF A NOVEL MATERIAL: A STOCKINGETTE DRESS.

The feature of this dress is the new stockingette material it is made of. The colour is Navy blue, with effective embroideries of ochre-coloured silk, and the belt is of black suede.



SHOWING THE NEW LINE: AN EVENING DRESS.

Composed of black taffeta, black velvet, and fine net lace, the skirt of this evening frock has a large tuck back and front, and is undone at the sides to give the new line. A gun-metal buckle is placed in the front of the corsage, and a bunch of coloured flowers appears at the waist.

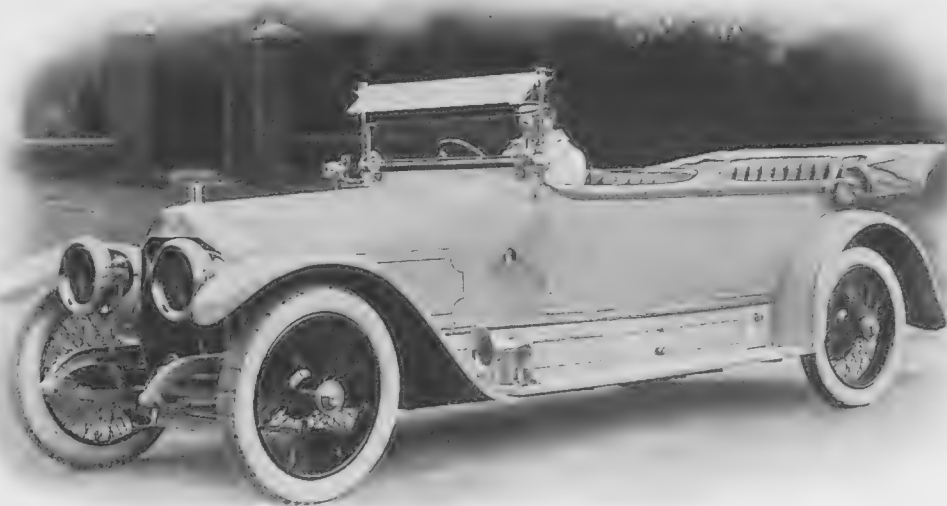


front. It has four hospitals equipped in the French lines, and six in military camps at home. All horses are cared for by the society, even enemy horses. The Blue Cross is a branch of Our Dumb Friends League. Not only will child animal-lovers thoroughly

Those who are vitally interested in the war, from personal or other causes, as well as those who are in sympathy with the kindly work being done by the Press Contributors' Emergency Fund, should not miss the addresses, described as "Personal Reports from the War," to be given by Mr. John Buchan and Mr. Stephen Graham, at 3 p.m. to-day (Nov. 10), at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, by kind permission of the Duchess of Marlborough. Mr. J. A. Spender will act as chairman, and the addresses will have all the conviction and authority of personal experience. Tickets (price 7s. 6d.) can be obtained of Mrs. John Buchan, 30, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.; Lady Riddell, 20, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.; at Sunderland House; or of the Secretary (Miss W. E. Hall), Press Contributors' Emergency Fund, 14, Great Smith Street, S.W.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS: THE LIGHTING PERIL: THE INVALUABLE R.F.C.

Things That Should Not Happen.

It is always regrettable to see history repeat itself in the way of accidents due to causes which were long ago well defined, and against which the experienced motorist has ever since observed all necessary precautions. Three fatal happenings have been reported of late—two of them in one day—and none of them, alas! was fortuitous, or would have occurred if due care had been exercised by the parties concerned. The first case was that of two garage hands who were asphyxiated by working on a car with closed doors and the engine running. Not only is it a very long time since anything of the kind was last reported, but there have been only two or three kindred incidents since motoring began, and the mischance can only be accounted for on the assumption that skilled workers called to the front had been replaced by emergency hands of less experience. In the second case two boys were burned, one fatally, through striking a match in the neighbourhood of a motor-van stored in a yard. This, of course, is merely one of countless cases of grievous results following upon youthful heedlessness or ignorance, but may serve to remind even adults that petrol is a good servant but a bad master, and that matches should not be struck in a confined place which contains a car. Lastly, there was the fatality of the runaway car at Birling Gap, near Beachy Head. The circumstances were so essentially sad that one must forbear comment, save for the remark that a motor-car should never be left in such a position that it can be put in motion, either by gravity or under power, with anyone but the driver himself in charge.

Not a "Zep." This Time.

A neighbour of mine called my attention the other morning to a heap of ruins which he appeared to think could only have been created by a Zeppelin bomb. Having viewed the real thing elsewhere, I was satisfied that the demolished parapet was the result of some form of vehicular collision, and made inquiries accordingly. Eventually I ascertained that a tradesman's cart, showing no rear-light, had been halted at the corner of a street on the previous evening while the driver visited an adjoining place of refreshment. Only fifteen or twenty yards away, in a straight line, was a stopping-place for motor-buses, and one of these, on resuming its journey, had come bang into the tail of the cart, which was quite invisible, and pushed it into the wall. If the 'bus had been well on its way, the results would have been even more serious; as it was, the horse and the low wall were the chief sufferers. Anyone visiting the spot, and noting all the attendant circumstances, would have had difficulty in saying which was the more marvellous—the fact that vehicles should be allowed so little

light that a 'bus-driver could not discern a cart only a few yards in front of his starting-place, or that the police should administer the present lighting regulations so carelessly as to permit a lightless cart to stand unattended at a street-corner.

The Gallant R.F.C.

Every now and then one comes across more or less contemptuous references to the new developments which have marked an epoch in the present war as contrasted with all previous campaigns. Old stagers, it appears, are prone to scoff at the work of our gallant aviators at the front, and to aver that war is still, in the main, what it has been for generations, aeroplanes and petrol motors notwithstanding. The only reply to this is that Sir John French himself, who surely ought to know, thinks differently. Everyone remembers the terms of unstinted enthusiasm in which he referred to the deeds of the Royal Flying Corps in his first despatch, and at no time since has the Commander-in-Chief qualified his earlier impressions; now, moreover, in his latest message he has testified anew to the bravery and effectiveness alike of the Royal Flying Corps. He emphasises the importance of the work of observation for the guns from aeroplanes as a factor in artillery fire, and states that the personnel of the two arms work in the closest co-operation.

A Record in "Punctures."

It is no child's play that our aviators are called upon to perform. Sir John relates that on one occasion an aeroplane was hit in no fewer than

300 places soon after crossing the enemy's lines, and yet the officer successfully carried out his mission. On several occasions the R.F.C. has carried out a continuous bombing of the enemy's communications, descending to 500 feet and under in order to hit moving trains. "This has in some cases," he adds, "been kept up day after day; and during the operations at the end of September, in the space of five days, nearly six tons of explosives were dropped on moving trains, and are known to have practically wrecked five, some containing troops, and to have damaged the main railway line in many different places." As for photographing the enemy's positions and reconnoitring far over hostile territory, such work has gone on unceasingly. There have been more than 240 combats in the air, mostly behind the enemy's lines. On one occasion a pilot engaged four machines at once and drove them off; and in another case two pilots engaged six hostile machines, and disabled at least one of them. Thus it is amply clear that the R.F.C. still maintains the ascendancy of the air, and by keeping off the German 'planes from our own lines is invaluable to the last degree.



A MOTOR-CAR AS RAILWAY ENGINE: HOW FRENCH SOLDIERS ARE TAKEN TO THE TRENCHES IN A CERTAIN DISTRICT.

This motor-car train is also used for the conveyance of rations.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



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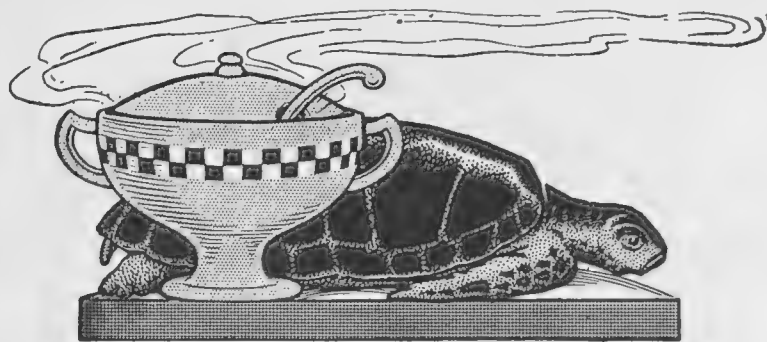
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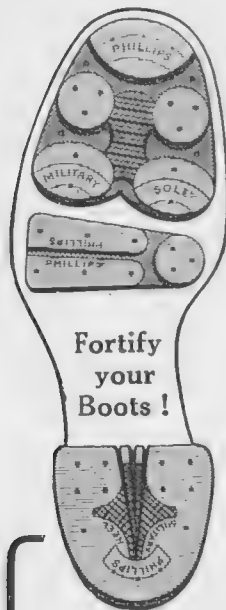
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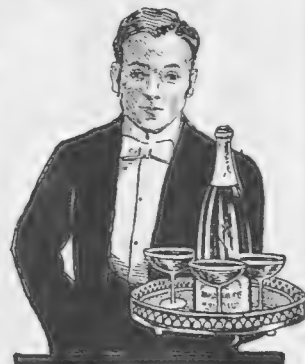
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Things New: At the Theatres.

THIS week it was all musico-dramatic work. The first event was the return to the stage of Miss Gabrielle Ray, who appeared in "Betty," at Daly's Theatre, and took the part formerly played by Miss Mabel Sealby—not a very heavy part, perhaps. For the occasion there were new songs, dances, and dresses. Miss Ray has lost none of her charm and skill during her absence from the theatre, and it is almost needless to say her characteristic performance was received with genuine enthusiasm. This is not the only change in "Betty," for Mr. Lauri de Frece now represents Achille Yotte, and Mr. Tom Walls appears in the place of Mr. G. P. Huntley. I am not going to draw any comparisons, for, as we all know, comparisons are dangerous—to those who make them. The methods of the newcomers differ no little from those of the old, but the result is the same hearty laughter. Who, then, shall say which is the better method? Betty herself is still the original Betty; that is to say, Miss Winifred Barnes, who is quite delightful and almost irreplaceable—quite, so far as I know. And the company still contains the two recruits from the legitimate, Mr. C. M. Lowne and Mr. Donald Calthrop, whose skilful work is of great value.

There is a second edition of "More" at the Ambassadors'—or perhaps it is more accurate to say there are changes in the second. For this work threatens to become like the famous pair of boots which were mended and mended till nothing of the original was left except the eyelet-holes. Certainly, whilst spending a very jolly evening in the little house, I felt it somewhat difficult to be quite sure what was entirely new; still, I didn't care, since I enjoyed the old a second time, notably the mid-Victorian episode in which Deysia and Morton are delightfully funny, whilst the whole episode has a quaint prettiness absolutely irresistible. I feel pretty confident that the Japanese melodrama is new, though I fancy it is a burlesque of a serious Japanese piece already given at this theatre. Anyhow, it is really funny, and winds up capitally a remarkably bright entertainment, cleverly designed by Mr. Harry Grattan, and carried out with great skill and energy by a host of resourceful people. One may fairly call it unique on account of the advantages given by the smallness of the stage and house, which renders possible the humours of *le théâtre intime*, and gives point to the prodigiously comic burlesque of an American revue which occurs in it.

"Tina" is the latest addition to the group of musical comedies, and, as far as the setting goes, one of the most attractive. I have

during the course of the production. It has been said that several musical comedies severely criticised by the Press for being chaotic were at an early stage of their career nicely finished, consistent, logical plays. "Tina" has a good foundation in its subject; but, at any rate, Mr. Rubens does not decide to keep it going, for there are long pauses in the story, with scenes about nothing in particular. It is announced that the work is founded



THE SOOTHING WEED: MISS DOROTHY MINTO—AND CIGARETTE.

Miss Minto is a charming member of the "Watch Your Step!" company at the Empire.

Photograph by C. Collier.

on "Kitty," but I don't recollect "Kitty," though I have a lively recollection of "A Waltz Dream," the situation at the end of the second act of which is remarkably like the climax in "Tina." For Tina, the heroine, the daughter of William Van Dam, a wealthy Dutch manufacturer of cocoa, fell in love with a young man believing him to be Rinaldo, a great violinist. The young man, in reality the Duke of Borgoleso, a penniless young blackguard, did not undeceive her, and eloped with the heiress under false pretences. Pending the marriage ceremony, she kept pressing him to play the violin to her, and he put her off with excuses that would not have deceived a blind rabbit. However, just when the priest was ready, Tina asked once more, and the sham Rinaldo had to tell the truth, the ugly truth; whereupon, after some well-justified rebukes, she announced that she would never wed him, and when, in consequence of this, he retired, she was crumpled up with grief. And if you can't guess the rest of it you must be deliciously young. Quite a charming performance by Miss Phyllis Dare, who acted with some skill and sang charmingly—but why did they make her sing an important song under a yellow light that would not suit even Betty Balfour? Mr. Godfrey Tearle—new, I think, to musical comedy—seemed rather stiff as the Duke. Mr. Berry, as William Van Dam, had a part of length without breadth at which he laboured strenuously, his comic singing was excellent. Miss Yvonne Reynolds, the lady with whom he flirted, won much applause for her rendering of a song called "Chéri." Mr. Leon M. Lion gave a skilful piece of acting as a French waiter. There is clever dancing by "Oyra and Dorma Leigh." The music of Mr. Paul Rubens and Mr. Haydn Wood is fluent and tuneful, and there are some catching numbers. The scenery quite delighted the house, and I suppose that the countless costumes fascinated the ladies; still, I do hope that the little crinolines worn by most of the chorus will be an empty threat, for they produce a very ugly line.



STUDYING BEAUTY: MISS HILDA MOORE AT BOURNE END.

Miss Hilda Moore has been holiday-making at her Bourne End cottage. From her orchard there, she has sent a great deal of fruit to the wounded at various hospitals.—[Photograph by C. Collier.]

read paragraphs to the effect that it was to be more coherently dramatic than is customary. Somebody apparently had been making fun of the paragraphists, or else there have been violent changes

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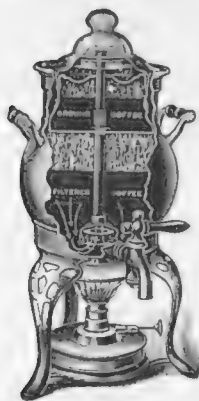
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"Victory."
By JOSEPH CONRAD.
(Methuen.)

A disillusioned old Swedish philosopher lay dying in London, and at his bedside sat his only son, to whom his wisdom crystallised in the direction: "Look on—make no sound." They were the last words of a man who had "spent his life in blowing blasts upon a terrible trumpet" to which no one had listened. So his son went forth with a motto well suited to his temperament, to wander and look on. Life appeared to him like a flowing stream "where men and women go by thick as dust, revolving and jostling one another like figures cut out of cork and weighted with lead just sufficiently to keep them in their proudly upright posture." Looking on, he drifted, evasive and elusive, through islands of the Pacific—"looking for facts," he would sometimes explain. An act of kindness drew him into a vortex of business action, from which death and failure combined to rescue him. Then facts ceased to interest, and he dwelt hermit-wise on a little island surrounded by a tepid, shallow sea. A disreputable old gentleman had once said of him, "with that deliberate sagacity which no mere water-drinker ever attained, 'Heyst's a puffect g'n'lman. Puffect! But he's a ut-uto-utopist.'" And another kind impulse brought down on his enchanted island the most disturbing element known to man—woman. "Funny notion of defying the fates," as a friend remarked, "to take a woman in tow." "I will drift," Heyst had repeated to his inner self. To her, the woman, he had confessed that, after listening to his wise old father, "I could not take my soul down into the street and fight there." So he drifted to that solitary island of jungle in the remote Pacific,

to meet life, love, death, on a Shakespearean stage of villainy and greed and murder. He played out the last act to the Shakespearean curtain of tragedy which leaves rogue, victim, and heroine sprawling in the terrible lines of violent death. That is, roughly, Mr. Conrad's wonderful theme, its inherent subtlety of charm expressed, as he alone has ever succeeded of all our story-tellers, by the subtle charm of his art. All the delicate austerity and irony of his distinguished style resolve into some closing chapters as tense and

thrilling as anything in modern literature. And there is a certain devil out of the machine, who is a Teutonic devil, a serious and before-the-war—so "in a sense impartial"—psychological study of the Teutonic mind, or at least of a type of that mind. Nor have some ugly indications of its truth been wanting in our recent experience.

"Old Delabole." Disappointment may
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. quite cred-
(Heinemann.) ibly accom-

pany the renewed experience of a favourite dish. Everything is there, or seems to be, according to enjoyed custom—but it just doesn't taste good as once it did. Thus does "Old Delabole" strike the palate of the mind. Here is the familiar construction of a Cornish village, its Methodist worthies, the rustic religious logic, the touching family life; here is Mr. Phillpotts' long-sighted painting of Cornish landscape and weather, still glorying in detail; here also are the plums of humour, though less freely scattered than of yore, as when Grandfather Nute, driven out of doors by his suffering relatives on Christmas Day, flutes "Salute the Happy Morn" to the more tolerant pig-styes, or when Moses Bunt, designing his own tombstone, searches the naked Bible for a worthy motto (no light hymn couplets for him, but a fine austerity, with just "Moses Bunt" and

(Continued overleaf.)



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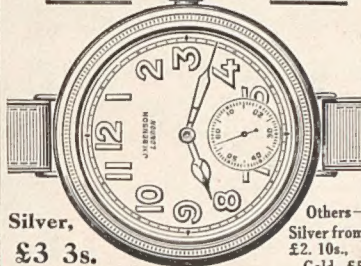
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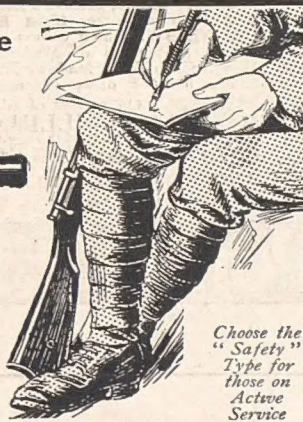
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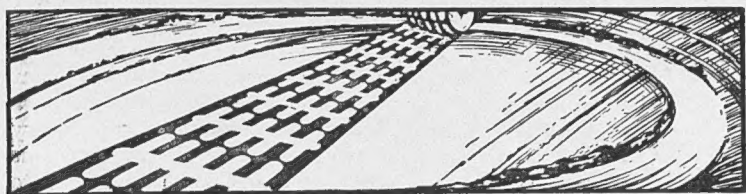
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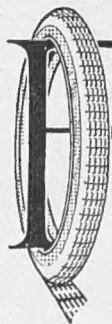
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(Continued.)

"God" in gold letters, the rest quite plain-like). The maiden "flickets," and her freckles the neighbours call "murfles," quarrymen know shareholders only by the delightful term of "adventurers"; "you can't cabobble me" and other racy speech passes into the general evocation of Celtic Cornwall, a background of quaintness and remoteness, with the deliberate charm of an old sampler—and yet the supreme achievement of splashing this background with the blood and fire of human passion never comes off. Mr. Phillpotts has done it before. "The Thief of Virtue" and "The Secret Woman" held rich drama against the attractive design of locality and dialect. One thrilled to this, the real picture, and the rest was cherished like a cunningly wrought frame. Anna Retallack and her two lovers in their best moments do not succeed in being irresistible. Their difficulties are obvious to the reason, and reasonably sympathetic people must admit sympathy; but the heart will not ache or rejoice as Mr. Phillpotts has known to make it in the past. The final impression is one of tedium. The dish is eaten—has it not been an ever-acclaimed dish?—but it doesn't taste so good.

"The Secret Son."

BY MRS. DUDENEY.
(Methuen.)

Mrs. Dudeney's art has reached fine development with "The Secret Son." A poignancy of feeling and a richness of purpose have driven forth an earlier subtlety which suggested generous enthusiasm for Henry James, and left instead a sense, almost classic, of the beauty which awaits the artist in the realities of the human heart. It is like pure silver after electro-plate. And by the same token, "The Secret Son" wears to the last chapter, becomes more significant and praiseworthy as it nears the close—a most unusual experience, as every reader remembering the many fair openings and empty conclusions of the modern novel will admit. Nancy, lover and beloved of two men—to know her is to love her, she is so in harmony with herself, her sex, her world. And having known her and loved her, she will be remembered by men, who will recognise in her the woman; by women, who will recognise in her themselves. The shallow charm of youth, and the mysterious, pathetic dignity of age—what story-teller has told us deeper truths about this for woman? And in telling the story of a woman so vivid, Mrs. Dudeney has chosen short, vivid sentences; from the first glimpse of her making a smirking entry into church with her fellow-servants of the Hall, to the last, late decade of age, those sentences clean and sharp, acute and fearless, like Nancy's mind, reveal the depths of her life. No summary of them could be justly made, they are too delicately deep. The women who take life as Nancy did, asking of it all it could give, otherwise you "didn't ought to be alive," and live long enough to wonder that "God never grew weary of making girls and men, all of them to play the same game at the beginning, all of them to grow old and weak in the end"—such women need an interpreter like Mrs. Dudeney. The Sussex hills encircle the story as they close round Nancy's farm, and rustic Sussex life is drawn with charm and humour, but the happiest of these happy

touches always waits behind the vital current of the story. They pervade it like the fragrance of the turf upon the hills, made through unbroken centuries "from generations of tiny flowers that had bloomed, died, and enriched." And it is always a fragrance that reaches us by way of the lovers who haunt the hills, making them a conscious paradise. If Mrs. Dudeney's art once derived from Henry James, it is now nearer Thomas Hardy, though to distinguish thus is for classification only, as one says of a flower that it belongs to this or that genus. Mrs. Dudeney is completely and delightfully herself.

"Passion and Faith."

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.
(Stanley Paul.)

Much disastrous and romantic suffering has sprung from religious convictions, and Miss Gerard has hit on the really curious idea that a woman without any religious prejudice should commit herself to a course of action on the strength of having none, and subsequently be caught by a current of religious emotion, between the rocks of spiritual ruin or an impossible sacrifice. Perhaps it is just as well that Miss Gerard's hold of the subject is not too imaginative—that Dominic, the gentlemanly lover, and Marion, victim of passion and faith, are the contrived pasteboard of a season novel. If they had never eloped to the Continent the complication of religion would have been spared to Marion. A Eucharistic Congress in Vienna seems to have been too much for her, and when, as a result, she finally went to a priest, asked for admission to the Church, and was told home-truths about her living in sin, she "sat silent, gnawing her veil between her teeth, her wild eyes roaming round the musty parlour like those of a trapped animal looking for a way of escape." Writing like this breaks no bones and touches no heart.

Owing to the darkened conditions of the streets, Harrods decided to close at 5 p.m., commencing on Monday, the 8th inst. In arriving at this decision, the directors have taken into consideration the convenience and safety of the public and of their assistants in allowing them to reach their homes at an earlier hour, and, finally, to afford as much assistance to the authorities as possible in getting all lights extinguished. They hope the public will support the new movement by shopping earlier.

The new pocket "one-man" range-finder which has recently been invented and placed on the market by Mr. Charles Hymans, optician, of Cambridge, has met with a gratifying reception, having been approved by and supplied to the War Office, as well as to many hundreds of individual officers. It is a very compact and portable instrument of entirely novel construction, which will measure from a base only ten yards long any range required for infantry purposes with an average error of no more than two per cent. The range of objects of known size and width can be measured from one position without using any base. The instrument is inexpensive, and cannot get out of order.

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